The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2563.

WHITE POPPIES OF DEATH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Blow, poppies, in your mantling leaves of green,
And wreathe a snow-white crown to deck your queen—
Your queen, who long doth weep,
And pray to fall asleep
From life, and love unsatisfied, and breath,
Crowned with the opium blooms of poppied death.

Blow, poppies, white beneath the starry night,
Whose sparkling dew upon your bosoms light,
Nestles in slumber sweet;
With weary hands and feet,
With weary heart and life, but silent lips,
One waiteth long for death, life's brief eclipse.

Breathe, poppied breath of slumbrous death,
One is weary. Christ, in mercy, saith:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
Softly she now doth weep,
And look with tearful eyes across the night,
To where her buds unfold their petals white.

Blow, blooms of fate, afar in Heaven there wait
A palm, a harp, a robe of saintly state,
Sweet love, and music sweet,
Rest for her tired feet,
Peace for her heart that aches through all the years,
For weeping eyes surcease of blinding tears.

Blow, poppies, blow, for one is white and dead;
Thus will we scatter blossoms on her bed,
Clasp them within her hand.
Far to the silent land,
Where is nor pain, nor death, her soul hath flown,
And she is dead with all her poppies blown.

STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.

Stonehenge is an assemblage of enormous stones in England, how or when brought together, we have no record. There seems to have been originally two circles and two ovals of stones, one within another. The largest circle measures about 300 feet round. It consists of thirty upright stones, originally connected by thirty other stones laid across them at the top, and fitted into each other by artificial means. Within this circle, at a distance of only eight feet, is another circle of much shorter and seemingly older stones. Within this circle are five enormous *trilithons*, as they are called—that is, two uprights supporting one laid across them at the top, something like a door-frame. The highest, which has now fallen, was twenty-six feet high.

Within these trilithons were nineteen stones, forming a second oval, and containing among them what goes by the name of the altar-stone; and the common supposition is, that on this altar *victims* were formerly offered—perhaps *human* victims, either to the sun or some idol. But the old, cruel idolatry has been so completely swept away, that nothing remains of it, even in history, but these huge stones, standing lonely, age after age, in a great undulating plain of short sweet grass.

Stonehenge is generally considered to have been connected with the priesthood of THE DRUIDS—but very little is really known either of the Druids, their mode of worship, or their belief. They are generally reputed to have worshipped the serpent, the sun, moon and stars, etc. But these probably were with the wiser portion of them mere symbols, as the cross among certain Christian sects. Our engraving is an attempt to restore Stonehenge, and give it as it originally appeared.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT JELLY SAW.

"It was too true, Mrs. Rane was dead," said sympathizing people one to the other: for even that same night the sad tidings went partially out to Dallory. What with the death of Hepburn, the undertaker, and now the doctor's wife—both prominent people, so to say, in connection with the sickness—something like consternation fell on such as heard it. Dr. Rane carried the news himself to Dallory Hall, catching Mr. North just as he was going to bed, and imparting it to him in the most gentle and soothing manner he knew how. Fearing that if he left it until morning, it might reach him more abruptly, the doctor thus made haste. From thence he went on to Hepburn's. He had chanced to meet Francis Dallory in coming out of Seeley's; he met some one else he knew; these imparted the tidings to others; so that many heard of it that night.

But now we come to a very strange and singular thing that happened to Jelly. Jelly in her tart way was sufficiently good-hearted. There was sickness in Ketlar's house; the wife had her three day's old infant; the little girl, Cissy, got worse and weaker; and Jelly chose to sacrifice an afternoon to the nursing of them. Much as she disapproved of the man's joining the Trades' Union and upholding the strike, often as she had assured him that both starving and the workhouse, whichever he might prefer, were too good for him, now that misfortune lay upon the house, Jelly came to a little. Susan Ketlar was her cousin; and, after all, *she* was not to blame for her husband's wrong doings. Accordingly, in the afternoon of the last day of Mrs. Rane's illness, Jelly went forth to Ketlar's, armed with some beef tea, and a few scraps for the half-famished children, the whole enclosed in a reticule bag.

"I shall take the latch-key," she said, in starting, to the cook, who was commonly called Dinah, "so you can go to bed. If Susan Ketlar's very ill, I may stop late. Mind you put a box of matches on the slab in the hall."

Susan Ketlar was not very ill, Jelly found; but the child, Cissy, was. So ill, that Jelly hardly knew whether to leave her at all, or not. The mother could not attend to her; Ketlar had gone tramping off beyond Whitborough after Union work, and had not come back. Only that she thought Mrs. Cumberland would not be pleased if she came to hear that Jelly, the confidential servant left in charge, had stayed out for a night, leaving the house with only the cook in it, she, Jelly, had certainly stayed. At past twelve poor Ketlar got home, dead beat, sick, faint, having walked several miles without food. Jelly blew him up a little—she considered that a man who could refuse work when his children were starving, because he belonged to the Trades' Union, deserved nothing but blowing-up on any score—bade him look to Cissy, told him ungraciously that there was a loaf in the pan, and came away. Ketlar, fit to drop though he was, civilly offered to see her home; but all the thanks he got in return, was a recommendation to attend to his own concerns and not to meddle with hers.

It was a fine, still night, rather too warm for the sickness that lay on Dallory; and Jelly walked on at a swift pace, her reticule, empty now, on her arm. Some women might have felt timid at the midnight walk; Jelly was too strong-minded. She certainly found it a little lonely on entering the Ham, as if the road under the overshadowing trees, beginning now to lose some of their leaves, had something weird about it. But this part was soon passed; and Jelly came to the houses, and within sight of home. Not a soul met she: it was as dreary, so far as human companionship went, as could be. A black cat sprang suddenly from the hedge, and tore over the road almost across Jelly's feet; and it made her start.

She began thinking about Mrs. Rane; quite unconscious of the death that had taken place. When Jelly left home in the afternoon, Mrs. Rane was said to be in danger; at least such was Phillis's opinion, privately communicated; but, late in the evening, news had been brought to Ketlar's that all danger was over and she was in a refreshing sleep, going on safely to recover.

"And I'm downright glad of it, poor young lady!" said Jelly, half aloud, as she turned in at her gate. "Doctors' wives are naturally more exposed to the chance of catching infectious sickness. But on the other hand they have the best advice and care."

It was striking one. Letting herself in with the latch-key, Jelly felt for the box of matches, passing her hand cautiously over the marble table. And passed it in vain; no matches were there.

"Forgetful buzzy!" ejaculated Jelly, apostrophizing the unconscious Dinah. "Much good she's of!"

So Jelly crept quietly up-stairs in the dark, knowing she had matches in her own chamber; and in a minute came upon another of the negligent Dinah's delinquencies. She had omitted to draw down the blind of the large window on the landing.

"She has been out at that back-door, talking to people," quoth Jelly, in her wrath. "Just like her! Won't she get a taste of my tongue in the morning!"

Turning to draw down the blind herself, she was suddenly arrested, with the cord in her hand, by a sight in the opposite landing—Dr. Rane's. Standing there, dressed in something white, which Jelly at the time took for a nightgown or petticoat, was Mrs. Rane. The landing was faintly lighted, as if by some distant candle, invisible to Jelly, but Mrs. Rane was perfectly distinct, her features and even their expression quite clear. The first thought that crossed Jelly was, that Mrs. Rane was delirious; but she looked too still for that. She did not move; and the eyes had a fixed stare, as it seemed to Jelly. But that she herself must have been invisible from the surrounding darkness, she would have thought Mrs. Rane was staring at *her*. For a full minute this lasted; Jelly watching, Mrs. Rane never stirring.

"What in the world brings her standing there?" quoth Jelly, in her amazement. "And what can she be staring at? It can't be at me."

But at that moment Jelly's bag slipped off her arm and fell on the carpet with a bang. It caused her to shift her gaze from the opposite landing for a single second—it really did not seem longer. When she looked again, the place was in darkness; Mrs. Rane and the faint light were alike gone.

"She has no business to be out of her bed; the doctor ought to tell her so if he's at home," thought Jelly. "Any way, she must be a great deal better: for I don't think it's delirium."

She waited a short while, but nothing more was seen. Drawing down the blind with a jerk, Jelly picked up her bag, and passed on to her own chamber—one of the back rooms on this floor—where she slept undisturbed until morning.

She lay late. Being amenable to nobody while Mrs. Cumberland was away, the house's mistress in fact, as well as Dinah's, Jelly did not hurry herself. She was no laggard in general, especially on a Saturday, but felt tired after her weary afternoon at Ketlar's and from having gone so late to rest. Breakfast was ready in the kitchen when she got down; Dinah—a red-faced young woman in a brown-spotted cotton gown—being busy at the fire over the coffee.

"Now then!" began Jelly—her favorite phrase when she was angry. "What have you got to say for yourself? Whereabouts on the slab did you put those matches last night?"

Dinah, taken-to, tilted the kettle back. Until that moment she had not thought of her negligence.

"I'm afraid I never put 'em at all she said.

"No you *didn't* put 'em," retorted Jelly with stinging emphasis. "And I'd like to know why you didn't; and what you were about, not to?"

"I'm sure I'm sorry," said Dinah, who was a tractable kind of girl. "I forgot it, I suppose, in the upset about poor Mrs. Rane."

"In the upset about poor Mrs. Rane," scornfully repeated Jelly. "What upset you, pray, about her?—"And you've never been out to fasten back the shutters!"

"She's dead," answered Dinah—and the ready tears came into the girl's eyes,—"That's what I've got the shutter half-to for. I thought you'd most likely not have heard it."

A little confusion arose in Jelly's mind. Mrs. Rane's death (as she supposed) could not possibly have occurred before morning: the neglect, as to the matches, was last night. But, in the shock of the news, she passed this over. Her tart tone went away as by magic; her face changed to sadness.

"Dead! When did she die, Dinah?"

"It was about nine o'clock last night, they think. And she lay an hour after that in her bed, Jelly, getting cold, before it was found out."

On hearing this, Jelly's first impression was that Dinah must be playing with her. The girl came from the fire with the coffee, wiping her eyes.

"Now what d'ye mean, girl? Mrs. Rane didn't die last night—as I can answer for."

"Oh, but she did, Jelly. Dr. Rane went up to her at ten o'clock—he had been out till then—and found her dead. I can tell you, I didn't half like to go all the way up to bed by myself to that top floor, and me alone in the house, knowing she was lying there at the very next door."

Jelly waited to take in the full sense of the words, staring at Dinah while she did it. What *was* all this?

"You must have taken leave of your senses, girl," she said, as she began to pour out the coffee.

"I'm sure I've not," said Dinah. "Why?"

"To tell me Mrs. Rane died last night. How did you pick up the tale?"

"Jelly, it's no tale. It's as true as that you and me's here. I was standing at the front gate for a breath of air, before shutting-up, when Dr. Rane come out of his house in a haste like, and went across to Mr. Seeley's. It struck me that Mrs. Rane might be worse and that he had gone to fetch the other, so I stayed a bit to see. Presently—it wasn't long—he came back across the road again. Mr. Francis Dallory happened to be passing, and he asked after Mrs. Rane. She was dead, the doctor said; and went on to tell him how he had found her. You needn't look as if you thought I was making-up stories, Jelly. They stood close by the doctor's gate, and I heard every word."

Jelly did not precisely know how she looked. If this was true, why—what could be the meaning of that which she had seen in the night? Jelly gulped down her hot coffee at a draught, and went out, eating a piece of bread-and-butter. She did not believe it. Dinah evidently did; but the girl might have caught up some misapprehension; or, as Jelly mentally put it, "heard cross-wise."

The first thing that struck Jelly when she got outside, was the appearance of the doctor's house. It was closely shut up, doors and windows, and the blinds were down. As Jelly stood, looking up, she saw Mr. Seeley standing at his door without his hat. She went over and accosted him.

"Is it true, sir, that Mrs. Rane is dead?"

"Quite true," was the answer. "She died yesterday evening, poor lady. It was terribly sudden."

Jelly felt a very queer sensation take her. But she was in a fog of disbelief yet. Mr. Seeley was called to from within, and Jelly returned and knocked softly at Dr. Rane's door. Phillis opened it, her eyes swollen with crying.

"I say, Phillis, whatever is all this?" demanded Jelly, in a low tone. "When did she die?"

"Stop a bit," interposed Phillis, arresting her entrance. "You'd better not come in. *I* am not afraid; and, for the matter of that, somebody must be here; but it isn't well for those to run risks that needn't. The doctor says it was the quickest and most malignant case of them all."

"I never caught any disorder in my life, and I don't fear that I ever shall," answered Jelly, quietly making her way to the kitchen. "*When* did she die, Phillis?"

"About nine o'clock last evening, as is thought. The minute and hour won't never be known for sure: at ten, when the doctor found her, she was getting cold. And for us below to have thought her quietly sleeping!" wound up Phillis with a sob.

The queer sensation grew into tremor. Jelly had never experienced anything like it in her whole life. She stood against the dresser, staring at Phillis helplessly.

"I don't *think* she could have died last evening," whispered Jelly presently.

"And I'm sure I as little thought she was dying," returned Phillis. "The last time I went up was about half-after seven: she was asleep then; that I'm positive of; and it seemed a good healthy sleep, for the breathing was as regular as could be. Sometime after eight o'clock, master went up: he came down and said she was still sleeping, and he hoped she'd sleep till morning, and I'd better not go up again for fear of disturbing her. I didn't go up, Jelly. I knew if she woke and wanted anything she'd ring: the bell-rope was to her hand. Master went out to a patient, and I cleared up in the kitchen here. He came in at ten o'clock. I was ready to go, but asked him if I should stay all night. There was no need, he answered, missis being better; and I went. I never heard nothing more till I come this morning. The milkman got to the door just as I did; and he began saying what a sad thing it was that she had died. 'Who had died,' I asked him, and he said, 'Why, my missis.' Jelly, you might have knocked me down with a breath of wind."

By Jelly's looks at this moment, it seemed as if a breath of wind might do the same for her. Her face and lips had turned of a yellow whiteness.

"The master opened the door to me: and told me all about it: about his finding her, and that, close upon my going out," continued Phillis. "He's frightfully cut up, poor man. Not that there's any tears, but his face is heavy and sad, like one looks who has never been in bed all night—as he hasn't been. I found a blanket on the dining-room sofa, so he must have lain down there."

"Where is he now?" asked Jelly.

"Out. He was fetched to somebody at Dallory. I must stir up the pots," added Phillis, alluding to the earthen jars that stood about with the disinfectants. "Master charged me to do it every hour. It's safer for the undertaker's men and others that have to come to the house."

Taking a piece of stick, she went into the hall, to wherever stood a jar, and gave the contents a good stir. The dining-room door was open: Dr. Rane's solitary breakfast was laid there, waiting for him. From thence, Phillis went up the staircase to the other jars. Jelly followed.

"Nasty stuff! I do hate the smell of it," muttered Phillis. "I'd not come up if I were you," she added to Jelly, in a low, hushed voice that we all are apt to use when near the dead.

Jelly disregarded the injunction. She believed herself safe: and was not prone to take advice at the best of times. "Whatever's that?" she exclaimed when she reached the landing.

The sheet that had been flapping for two days outside the bed-room door, now flapped, wet as ever, on the landing before the door of the ante-room. Dr. Rane deemed this the better place for it now. Phillis gave it some knocks with the stick to bring out its saving properties.

Compared to the gloom of the rest of the house, behind its drawn blinds, this landing, with its wide, staring, uncovered window, was strikingly bright. Jelly glanced around, it might have been thought nervously, only that she was not a nervous woman. Here, in the middle of the floor, at one o'clock in the morning, her face turned to that window, had stood Mrs. Rane. If not Mrs. Rane—who?—or what?

"Phillis," whispered Jelly, "I should like to see her."

"You can't," answered Phillis.

"Nonsense. I am not afraid."

"But you can't, Jelly. She is fastened down."

"She is! Why what do you mean?" broke off Jelly.

Phillis took up a corner of the sheet, unlocked the door—in which the key was left—and opened it half an inch for Jelly to peep in. There, in the middle of the gray room stood a closed coffin, supported on trestles. In the shock of the surprise Jelly fell back against the wall, and began to tremble.

The idea that came over her—as she said to some one afterwards—was, that Mrs. Rane had been put into the coffin alive. What with the sight of the previous night (and Jelly did not yet admit to herself the full thought of what that sight might have been), and what with this, she felt in a kind of bewildered horror. Recovering herself a little, she pushed past the sheet into the room, but with creeping, timid steps.

"Jelly, I'd not do it! The master charged *me* not."

But Jelly never heard. Or, if she heard, did not heed. It was a common deal shell: its lid nailed down. Jelly touched it with her fore-finger.

"*When* was she put in here, Phillis?"

"Sometime during the night."

"And fastened down at once?"

"To be sure. I found it like this when I came this morning."

"But—why need there have been such haste?"

"Because it was safest so. Safest for us that are living, as my master said. The leaden one will be here to-day."

Well—of course it was safer. Jelly could but acknowledge it, and recovered herself somewhat. She wished she had not seen—that—in the night. It was that sight, so unaccountable, that was turning her mind upside down.

With her customary lack of ceremony, Jelly opened the bed-room door, and looked in. It had not been put to rights: Phillis said her master would not let her go in to do it until the two rooms should have been fumigated. Medicine bottles stood about; the bed-clothes lay over the foot of the bed, just as Hepburn's men must have flung them when they removed the dead. On the dressing-table lay a bow of blue ribbon that poor Bessy had worn in her gown the last day she had one on, a waistband with its buckle, and other trifles. Jelly began to feel oppressed, as if her breath were getting short, and came away hastily. Phillis stood on the landing beyond the sheet.

"It seems like a dream, Phillis."

"I wish we could awake and find it was one," answered Phillis, practically, as she turned the key in the lock: and they went down stairs.

Not a minute too soon. Before they had well reached the kitchen, Dr. Rane's latch-key was heard.

"There's the master," cried Phillis under her breath, as he turned into his consulting-room. "It's a good thing he didn't find us up there."

"I want to say a word to him, Phillis; I think I'll go in," said Jelly, taking a sudden resolution to acquaint Dr. Rane with what she had seen. The truth was, her mind felt so unhinged, knowing not what to believe, what to disbelieve, that she thought she must speak, or die.

"Need you bother him now?—what's it about?" asked Phillis. "I'd let him get his breakfast first."

But Jelly went on to the consulting-room door; and found herself nearly knocked over by the doctor—who was turning swiftly out of it. She asked if she could speak to him: he said Yes, if she'd be quick; but he wanted to catch Mr. Seeley before the latter went out.

"And your breakfast, master?" called out Phillis in a pitying tone.

"I'll take some presently," was the answer. "What is it that you want, Jelly?"

Jelly carefully closed the door before speaking. She then entered on her tale. At first the doctor supposed, by this show of caution, that she was going to consult him on some private ailment, St. Antony's fire in the face, for instance, or St. Vitus's dance in the legs; and thought she might have chosen a more opportune time. But he soon found it was nothing of the kind. With her hand pressing heavily the elbow of the patients' chair, Jelly told her tale. The doctor stood facing her, his arms folded, his back to the drawn-down blind. At first he did not appear to understand.

"Saw my wife upon the landing in her night-gown!" he exclaimed—and Jelly thought he looked startled. "Surely she was not so imprudent as to get out of bed and go there!"

"But, sir, it is said that she was then dead!"

"Dead when? She did not die until nine o'clock. She could not have known what she was doing," continued Dr. Rane, passing his hand over his forehead. "Perhaps she may have caught a chill. Perhaps ——"

"You are misunderstanding me, sir," interrupted Jelly. "It was in the night I saw this; some hours after Mrs. Rane's death."

Dr. Rane's face took a puzzled expression. He looked narrowly at Jelly, as if wondering what it was she would say.

"Not *last* night?"

"Yes, sir. Or, I'd rather say this morning; for it was one o'clock, I saw her standing there as plainly as I see you at this moment."

"Why, Jelly, you must have been dreaming!"

"I was as wide awake, sir, as I am now. I had just got home from Kotlar's. I can't think what it was I did see," added Jelly, dropping her voice.

"You saw nothing," was the decisive answer—and in the doctor's tone there was some slight touch of anger. "Fancy plays tricks with the best of us: it must have played you one last night."

"I have been thinking whether it was possible that—that—she was not really dead, sir," persisted Jelly. "Whether she could have got up, and—"

"Be silent, Jelly. I cannot listen to this folly," came the stern, checking interruption. "You have no right to let your imagination run away with you, and then talk of it as something real. I desire that you will never speak another word upon the subject to me; or to anyone."

Jelly's green eyes seemed to have borrowed the doctor's look of puzzled doubt. She gazed into his face. This was a most curious business: she could not see as yet the faintest gleam of any solution to it.

"It was surely her I saw on the landing, sir, dead or alive. I could swear to it. Such things have been heard of before now as swoons being mistaken for death. When poor Mrs. Rane was left alone after her death—that is, her supposed death—if she revived; and got up; and came out upon the landing——"

"Hold your tongue," interposed the doctor, sharply. "How dare you persist in this nonsense, woman! You must be mad or dreaming. An hour before the time you speak of, my poor wife, dead and cold, was where she is now—fastened down in her shell."

He flung out of the room with an indignant movement; leaving Jelly speechless with horror.

"Fastened down," ran her thoughts, "at twelve o'clock—dead and cold—and I saw her on the landing at one! Oh my goodness, what does it mean?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESOLATION.

At the front-parlor window at Eastsea, sat Ellen Adair—looking for one who did not come. Whatsoever troubles, trials, mysteries might be passing elsewhere, Eastsea was going on in its usual monotonous routine. How monotonous, Ellen Adair could have answered; and yet, even here, something like mystery seemed to be looming in the air.

"Come what may, Ellen, I shall be down again within a few hours," had been Arthur Bohun's parting words to her. But the hours and the days passed on, and he came not.

To have one's marriage suddenly interrupted, and the bridegroom borne off from, so to say, the very church door, was no more agreeable to Ellen Adair than it would be to any other young lady. She watched him away in the fly, while his kisses were yet warm upon her lips. All that remained, was to make the best of the situation. She took off her bonnet and dress, and locked up the ring and license he had begged her to take care of. Until the morrow, she supposed; only until the morrow. Mrs. Cumberland sent out a message to the fly-man (*her* fly-man, not Madam's,) by Ann, the servant—from whom (Ann) she hoped to avert suspicion—to the effect that, finding herself unable to get up, she could not take her drive, but he was to come at the same hour on the morrow. And she also wrote a line to the clergyman.

The morrow came; and went. Ellen scarcely stirred from the window—which commanded a view of the road from the station—but she did not see Captain Bohun. "James must be worse, and he cannot leave," she said to herself, striving to account naturally for the delay, while at the same time an under-current of vague uneasiness lay within her, which she made believe not to recognise, or listen to. "There will be a letter to-morrow morning—or else, himself."

But on the morrow morning there was no letter. Ellen watched the postman pass the house, and she turned sick and white. Mrs. Cumberland—who was better and had risen betimes, expecting Captain Bohun, and that the marriage would certainly take place that day—took the absence of letters with philosophy.

"He might as well have written a line, of course, Ellen; but it only shows that he is coming in by the first train. That will be due in twenty minutes."

Ellen stood at the window, watching; her spirit faint, her heart beating. That vague under-current of uneasiness had grown into a great, recognised fear now—but a fear she knew not of what. She made no pretence to eat breakfast; she could not have swallowed a morsel had it been to save her life: Mrs. Cumberland said nothing, except that she must take some after Captain Bohun had come.

"There's the train, Ellen. I hear the whistle."

The window had a dwarf Venetian blind; Ellen sat behind it, glancing through the staves. Three or four straggling passengers were at length perceived, making their way down the street. But not one of them was Captain Bohun. The shock of disappointment was turning her heart to sickness, when a station fly came careering gayly up the street.

Ah, me, how hope rose again! She might have known he would take a fly, and not *walk* up. The driver seemed making for their house. Ellen's eyes grew bright; her pale cheeks changed to rose-color.

"Is that fly coming here, my dear?"

"I think so, Mrs. Cumberland."

"Then it's Captain Bohun. We must let the clergyman know at once, Ellen."

The fly stopped at their house, and Ellen hid her head; she would not seem to be looking for him, though he was so soon to be her husband. But—something was called out to the driver in a shrill voice from the inside; upon which he started his horse on again, and pulled up at the next door. A lady and child got out. It was *not* Captain Bohun.

I wonder whether disappointment so great ever fell on mortal woman? Great emotions, be they of joy or sorrow, are always silent. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness, says the Wise King, and a stranger may not intermeddle with its joy. Ellen laid her hands for a minute or two on her bosom; but never a word spoke she.

"He'll be here by the next train," said Mrs. Cumberland. "He *must* come, you know, Ellen."

She watched throughout the livelong day. How its hours dragged themselves along she knew not. Imagination pictured all kinds of probabilities that might bring him at any minute. He might post down: he might alight by mistake at the wrong station, and walk on; he might have come by the last train in, and be putting himself to rights at the hotel after travelling. Five hundred such ideas, alternating with despair, presented themselves. And thus the weary day went on. Towards night the same delusive hope of the morning again rose; the same farce, of the apparent arrival of Captain Bohun, was once more enacted.

It was dusk; almost dark: for Ellen, watching ever, had not thought about lights; and Mrs. Cumberland, tired with her long day, was gone into the small back dining-room to lie on the sofa undisturbed. The last train for the night was steaming in: Ellen heard the whistle. If it did not bring Captain Bohun, she thought she could only give him up forever.

A short interval of suspense; and then—surely he was coming! A fly or two came rattling along the street from the station: and one of them—yes—one of them drew up at the door. Ellen, thinking she had learnt wisdom, said to herself that she would not get up any expectation in regard to this. Foolish girl! when her whole heart was throbbing and beating.

One of the house servants had gone out, and was opening the fly door. A gentleman's hand pitched out a light over-coat; a gentleman himself leaped out after it, and turned to get something from the seat. Tall and slender, Ellen took it to be Captain Bohun: the light coat was exactly like his.

And the terrible suspense was over! she should now know what the mystery had been. He had written most likely, and the letter had miscarried; how stupid she was not to have thought of that before! She heard his footsteps in the passage; he was coming in; in another instant she should be in his arms, feeling his kisses on her lips. It was a moment's delirium of happiness; neither more nor less. Ellen stood looking at the door, her breath hushed, her cheeks changing, her nervous hands clasped one within the other.

But the footsteps passed the sitting-room. There seemed to be some talking and then the house subsided into silence. Where was he? Whither had he gone? Not into the dining-room, as Ellen knew, for Mrs. Cumberland might not be awakened. Gradually the idea came creeping in, and then bounded onwards with a flash that, after all, it might not have been Captain Bohun. A faint cry of despair escaped her, and she put her hands up as if to ward off some approaching evil.

But the suspense at least must be put an end to; it was too heavy to bear; and she rang the bell. Ann, who mostly waited on them, answered it.

"For lights, I suppose, Miss Ellen?"

"Yes. Who is it that has just come here in a fly?"

"It's the landlady's son, miss. Such a fine, handsome man!"

When Mrs. Cumberland entered, Ellen sat, pale and quiet, on the low chair. In good truth the inward burden was becoming hard to bear. Mrs. Cumberland remarked that Captain Bohun had neither come nor written and she thought it was not good behaviour of him. And, with that, she settled to her evening newspaper.

"Why, Ellen! Here's the death of James Bohun," she presently exclaimed. "He died the day after Arthur left. This accounts for the delay, I suppose."

"Yes," murmured Ellen.

"But not for his not writing," resumed Mrs. Cumberland. "That is very strange. I hope," she added smiling, "that he is not intending to break with you because he is now heir presumptive to a baronetcy."

Mrs. Cumberland, as she spoke, happened to look over the newspaper at Ellen, and was struck by her face. It was pale as death; the eyes had a kind of wild fear, the lips were trembling.

"My dear child, you surely did not take what I said in earnest! I spoke in jest. Captain Bohun is not a man to behave dishonorably; you may quite rely upon that. Had he come into a dukedom, you would still be made his duchess."

"I think I'll go to bed, if you don't mind my leaving you alone," said Ellen faintly. "My head aches."

"I think you had better, then. But you have been tormenting yourself into that head-ache, Ellen."

To bed! It was only a figure of speech. Ellen sat up in her room, knowing that neither bed nor sleep could bring her ease—for her dreams these past two nights had been worse than reality. She watched for hours the tossing sea—that had never calmed properly down since the storm.

The morning brought a letter from Captain Bohun. To Mrs. Cumberland; not to Ellen. Or, rather a note, for it was not long enough to be called a letter. It stated that most urgent circumstances had prevented his returning to Eastsea—and he would write further shortly. He added that he was very unwell; and begged to be remembered to Miss Adair.

To Miss Adair! The very formality of the message and name—Miss Adair, and not Ellen—told a tale. Something was wrong; it was evident even to Mrs. Cumberland. The letter was short, constrained, abrupt; and she turned it about in haughty wonder.

"What can the man mean? *This* is not the way to write, when things are at their present crisis. Here are the ring and license waiting; here's the clergyman holding himself and the church in readiness from day to day; here are you fretting out your heart, Ellen—and he writes such a note as this! But for its being his own handwriting, I know what I should think."

"What?" asked Ellen, hastily.

"Why, that he is worse than he says. Delirious. Out of his senses."

"No, no; it is not that."

"I think if it's not, it ought to be," sharply retorted Mrs. Cumberland. "We must wait for his next letter, I suppose; there's nothing else to be done."

And they sat down to wait. And the weary days dragged their slow length along.

Any position more cruelly difficult than that of Captain Bohun, cannot well be conceived. Madam's communication to him did not stop at the one first revelation; she added another to it. At first there had been no opportunity for more; the train stopped at a branch station just beyond Eastsea, and the carriage became filled with passengers. Arthur, in his torment, would have put further questions to his mother, praying for confirmation, for elucidation; but Madam whispered a demand to know whether he was mad, that he should speak *there;* and then turned her back upon him. The people went all the way to London; but as soon as Arthur had put his mother in a cab, on their way to Sir Nash Bohun's, he began again. The storm that raged at Eastsea had apparently extended its fury to London; the rain beat, the wind blew in gusts, the streets were as deserted as it is possible for London streets at a busy hour of the afternoon to be. Arthur shuddered a little as he glanced out on the black pools, the splashing mud; outer influences seemed just now to be nearly as black as his fate.

"Mother, things cannot rest here," he said, putting up both windows with a jerk. "You evaded my questions in the train; you must answer them now."

"Would you have had me speak before half a dozen people?—and proclaim to them what I know of that man—William Adair?"

"Certainly not; but you might have spoken for my ear alone. Cannot you see how dreadful this suspense must be to me? I am engaged to marry Ellen Adair: if not to-day, some other day. And now you tell me that, which—which—"

Which ought to break it off, he was about to say; but emotion stopped him. He raised his hand and wiped the cold moisture from his forehead. Madam bent down, and kissed his hand. He did not remember to have been kissed by her since he was a child. Her voice took a soft, tender tone; something like tears stood in her eyes.

"I can see how you suffer, Arthur; I am sure you must love her, poor young lady; and I'd give anything not to have to inflict pain or disappointment on you. But what else can I do? You are my son; your interests are dear to me; and I must speak. Don't you remember how I have always warned you against Miss Adair? But I never suspected there would be cause for it so great as this."

He did remember it. This new soft mood of Madam's became her well. In the midst of his own sea of trouble Arthur spared a moment to think he had in a degree misjudged her, and to regret it.

"I cannot understand how so frightful a charge can be brought against Mr. Adair," spoke Arthur. "What you tell me sounds like a fable. I had been given to understand that he and my father were close friends."

"As they were, once."

"And yet you say that he, Mr. Adair, was a—a—"

"A convict," spoke Madam, supplying the words. "I cannot give you details, Arthur: only facts. He was tried out there, and convicted. He got a ticket-of-leave—which I dare say may not have expired yet."

"And his crime?—What was it?"

"I told you. Forgery."

"Did *you* ever know him?"

"Of course I did: at the time when he was intimate with your father. We never quite knew who he was, Arthur; or who his people were at home, or what had taken him out originally to India; but Major Bohun was unsuspicious as the day, unsuspicious as *you*. There arose great trouble, Arthur; gambling and wickedness, and I can't tell you what; and through it all, nearly up to the last, your father believed in Adair."

"Was he a convict *then?*"

"No, no; all that came afterwards; not the crime, perhaps, but discovery, trial, and conviction. Arthur—how sorry I am to say it, I can never express—your father's son had better go and marry that miserable drab, than a daughter of William Adair."

She pointed to a poor wretch who was passing. A skeleton of a woman with a dab of paint on her hollow cheeks, and a tawdry gown trailing in the mud.

Arthur pressed his hands on his temples; all kinds of confused thoughts were fighting together within his breast.

"Did Mrs. Cumberland know of this?" he asked.

"I cannot say. *Her husband did.* At the time it all happened, Mrs. Cumberland was away in ill-health. I should think she would hear it from her husband afterwards."

"Then—how could she encourage me to enter into this contract of marriage with Miss Adair?" returned Arthur, in a flush of resentment.

"You must never see her again, Arthur; you must never see her again. Go abroad for a time if need be; it may be the better plan."

"What am I say to them?" he cried in self-commune. "After all, Ellen is not responsible for her father's sins."

A spasm of fright caught Madam. Was this information not sufficient?—would he carry out the marriage yet?

"Arthur, there's worse behind," she breathed. "Why can't you be satisfied?—why do you force me to tell you all? I'd have spared you the rest."

"What rest?" he asked, his lips turning white.

"About that man—William Adair."

"What rest?"

"He killed your father."

"Killed—my father?"

"Yes he did. He forged his name; he ruined him; and in the shock—in the shock—he—"

Madam stopped. "What?" gasped Arthur.

"Well, the shock killed your father."

"Do you mean that he died of it?"

"He could not bear the trouble; and he—shot himself."

Madam's face was white now; white with emotion. Arthur, in *his* emotion, seized her hand, and gazed at her.

"It is true," she whispered. "He shot himself in the trouble and disgrace that Adair brought upon him. And you, his son, would have married the man's daughter."

With a horrible fear of what he had all but done—with a remorse that nearly turned him mad—with a sort of tacit vow never again to see Mrs. Cumberland or Ellen Adair, Arthur Bohun dropped his mother's hand with a suppressed groan, and kept silence until they stopped before the house of Sir Nash Bohun.

Mechanically he looked up at the windows, and saw that the shutters were open. So James was not dead. Arthur gave his hand to Madam, to help her in.

But James Bohun was as ill as he could be. Sinking fast: and very palpably nearer death than when Madam had started from the house at break of dawn. In fact there had then been some hope, for he had rallied in the night. Arthur never knew that. He supposed his mother had truly come off to fetch him, in solicitude that he should be present at the final close: he suspected not that she had frantically hastened down to disturb him in his paradise.

And this was Arthur Bohun's present position. It is not possible (as was just remarked) to imagine one more cruelly difficult. Bound by every tie of honor to Ellen Adair, only not married to her through a mere chance, she waiting for him now—now, each hour as it passed—to return and complete the ceremony; and loving her as he should never love any other in this world. And—in the very midst of these obligations—to have made the sudden and astounding discovery that Ellen Adair was the only woman living who must be barred to him; whom, of all others, of all the many numbers that walk the earth, he must alone not make his wife. The position would have been bewildering to a man without honor: to Arthur Bohun, with his fastidiously high standard of it, innate in him from his birth, it was simply awful. And the word is not used in its slight and careless sense, as has become the fashion of late years.

For the few hours that James Bohun lasted, Arthur did nothing. It may almost be said that he *thought* nothing, for his mind was in a chaos of confusion. On the day following his arrival, James died: and he, Arthur, was then heir-presumptive. To many, it might have been looked upon that he was quite as secure of the succession as though he were heir-apparent; for Sir Nash was old and ailing. A twelvemonth ago Sir Nash Bohun had been full of life; upright, energetic, to all appearance strong, hearty, and likely to outlive his son. But since then he had changed rapidly: and the once healthy man seemed to have little health in him. Medical men told him that if he would go abroad and partake for some months of certain medicinal springs, he might—and in all probability would—regain his health and strength. Sir Nash would have tried it but for the decaying health of his son. James could not leave home; Sir Nash would not leave him.

What, though Arthur Bohun *was* the heir? In his present distress, it was to him worse than nothing. A Bohun could not live with tarnished honor: and his must be tarnished to the end of his days. To abandon Ellen Adair would bring the red stain of indelible shame to his cheek; to marry her would be, of the two, the worse disgrace. What then, was the expected rank and wealth to him?—better that he should go out to some land of exile and hide his head forever.

He knew not what to do; even at this present passing moment, he knew it not. What *ought* he to do? Torn with conflicting emotions, now swayed this way, now that, he could not see which way his duty lay in this present dilemma. Think not that, in saying this, it was the marriage he was in doubt over: *that* had been given up in his own mind forever. But what was he to say to Ellen?—what to Mrs. Cumberland? Where seek for an excuse or plea for his conduct? They were expecting him, no doubt by every train, and he did not go. He did not mean to go. What could he write?—what say? On the day of James Bohun's death, he took the pen in his hand and sat down; but he never wrote a word. The true cause he could not urge. He could not say to Ellen, Your father was a convict, he has (or had) a ticket-of-leave, he caused my father's death; and so our union must not take place. If he merely said, I have heard things against your father; Ellen would naturally ask what things? for that *she* knew nothing of the past or the disgrace attaching to her father, was clear as day. "I tell you these dreadful truths in confidence," Madam had said to Arthur; "you must not speak of them. You might be called upon for proofs—and proofs would be very difficult to obtain at this distance of time. The Reverend George Cumberland knew all, even more than I; but he is dead: and, it may be, that Mrs. Cumberland knows nothing. I should almost think she does not: or she would never have sought to marry you to Adair's daughter. You can only be silent, Arthur: you must be, for the girl's sake. By speaking merely a hint of what her father was, you would blight her life and prospects. Let her have her fair chance: though she may not marry you, she may be chosen by some one else: don't you be the one to hinder it." If the story ever comes out through others, why—you will be thankful I dare say that it was not through you."

And there, listening to this, assenting to it with his whole heart, stood Arthur. *He* speak a word that would blight the life of Ellen Adair? No: he was blighting it enough himself. But, see you not, how this compulsory reticence held him? He might not assign the true reason for his shameful conduct—and to him it appeared shameful in the worst degree—while he could not find or invent any other plea of excuse.

He sat with the pen in his hand, and did not write a word. There was no word in the whole English language, or collection of words, that would have served him. "My darling love, Fate has parted us, but I would a great deal rather die than have to write it, and I shall hold you in my heart forever." Something like that he would have liked to say, had it been practicable. But it was not with romance he had to deal, but stern reality.

He put the ink and pens up for the day, and lay back in his chair with a face almost as white as that of his dead cousin; and felt as though he were dying himself. Men has rarely gone through a mental conflict such as this, and come out scatheless. He saw no way out of his dilemma; no way that was, or could be, open to him.

On the third day he spoke to Sir Nash. It was not that a suspicion of his mother's veracity on this point crossed his mind: it did not: for she had shown too much agitation herself for him to doubt that the revelation was genuine. Therefore, it was not to have the tale confirmed that he spoke, but in the fulness of his bitter heart.

They were alone in the library. Sir Nash began talking of different things; of Arthur's probable succession: of his dead son. James, never strong, had worn himself out between philanthropy and close reading, he said. Arthur, he hoped, would take a lesson, embrace rational pursuits, and marry. He, Sir Nash, understood there was a charming young lady waiting to be asked by him; of good family, of good fortune, everything in her favor: he alluded to Miss Dallory.

"Did you know anything of the cause of my father's death, sir?" questioned Arthur, who had stood listening in silence, his elbow on the mantel-piece, his hand supporting his brow.

Sir Nash replied by another question: and he glanced keenly at Arthur as he put it.

"Do *you* know?"

"I always thought that he died of sunstroke. But my mother has at length disclosed to me the truth. He—died in a different way."

"He shot himself," said Sir Nash, in a low tone. "My brother got suddenly overwhelmed with a load of trouble, and he—he was unable to bear it. Poor Tom!"

Arthur questioned of the particulars: he was hoping to hear them. But Sir Nash could not tell him a syllable more than he already knew: in fact, the baronet seemed in a fog about it altogether.

"Of course I never got hold of the details as if I had been on the spot, Arthur," he said. "Your poor father fell into the meshes of a villain, a scoundrel, one Adair, who had somehow forged his way by false pretences into society—which I suppose is not difficult out there. And this Adair brought some scandalous disgrace on him from which there was no escape; and—and Tom, poor fellow, could not survive it. He was simplicity itself in honor; trusting implicitly, believing all men to be as upright as he, until he found them otherwise. If he had a failing, it was on the side of pride—but I'm afraid most of us Bohuns think too much of that. A less proud man might have got over it. Tom could not. He died, rather than live with his name tarnished."

Arthur Bohun, standing there and looking more like a ghost than a living man, thought of the blow his own honor had just received—the tarnish that would rest on it for aye.

"And you don't know the details, uncle?" he resumed. "I wonder you did not stir in it at the time—and bring Adair to justice."

"On the contrary, we hushed it up. We have never spoken of it, Arthur, above our breath. Tom was gone; and it was as well to let it lie. It took place in some out of the way district of India; and the real truth was not known to half a dozen people. The report there was that Major Bohun died of sunstroke; it spread to Europe, and we let it circulate uncontradicted. Better, we thought, for Tom's little son—you, Arthur—that the real facts of the death should be allowed to rest—if they would rest."

There ensued a pause. Presently Arthur lifted his face; and spoke, as Sir Nash supposed, bantoringly. In good truth, it was in desperation.

"It would not do, I suppose, for a gentleman to marry Adair's daughter?"

Sir Nash turned to him quickly. "Why do you ask this? I believe you know the girl."

"I will tell you, Uncle Nash. No one could have been nearer marrying another than I was Ellen Adair. Of course it is at an end: I cannot do it now."

Sir Nash Bohun stared for a minute, as if unable to take in the absurdity of the words. He then drew up his fine old head with a proud dignity.

"Arthur! Arthur Bohun! a gentleman had better do as your poor father did—shoot himself—than marry Ellen Adair."

And Arthur Bohun, in his bitter misery, wondered whether he had *not* better do it; rather than live the life that must remain to him now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TERMS.

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PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked,
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

—*Overland Monthly.*

Niagara.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who has not read in story and seen in picture, countless times, how the water goes over at Niagara? I came here expecting to find every curve and plunge of the river appealing like a household thing to my memory.

It proved so in a great measure, yet I found various unexpected features, which, as they were new to me, may prove new to some of your readers, and therefore I venture to describe my experience.

Most tourists are disappointed at first sight of the cataract. This probably springs from the first glance being usually obtained from the American shore, an edgewise view that gives but an inkling of its full majesty. Yet even from this point of view we behold the river, almost at our feet, rushing with supreme energy to the brink of the precipice, and tumbling, with an agony of froth and foam, into a fearful void, from which forever rises a rainbow-crowned mist. To stand on the brink and gaze into this terrible abyss, with the frothing waters plunging in a white wall downwards, the head swims with an undefined desire to cast one's-self after the torrent, and the brain is gradually impressed with a full realization of the greatness of Niagara.

But to behold the cataract in the fullness of its glory and might one must cross the suspension bridge to the Canada shore, first disturning the inevitable 25 cents. (This seems to be the standard price for every movement at Niagara. It is doubtful if a person would be permitted to tie his shoestring without first paying 25 cents for the privilege.)

Arrived in Canada we pass with trepidation under an impending avalanche of hack drivers, who chant the merits of their respective vehicles in tones more importunate than mellifluous, while their rapid fall in price seems a foretaste of the fall which they are so anxious to show. But be obdurate; Niagara cannot properly be seen from a carriage. Resolutely foot your way along the lofty bank of the river, seeking your own points of view.

First we arrive opposite the American fall, seat ourselves under a tree, and gaze with admiration on the magnificent front of the cataract, spread before us in one broad, straight sheet of milkwhite foam, swooping ever downward with graceful undulations, until beaten into mist on the rocks below.

Wandering onward we approach that grand curved reach of falling water, whose sublimity has been a fruitful theme for poet and artist since America has had poetry and art. The Horse-Shoe Fall is the paragon of cataracts. Sitting on what remains of Table Rock, and gazing on the tumbling, heaving, foaming world of waters, which seems to fill the whole horizon of vision, the mind becomes oppressed with a feeling of awe, and realizes to its full extent nature's grandest aspect.

With one sublime spring the broad river leaps headlong into an abyss whose real depths we are left to imagine, for the feet of the cataract are forever hidden in a white cloud of mist, shrouded in a dim veil which no eye can penetrate. At the centre of the curve, where the water probably deepens, the creamy whiteness of the remainder of the cataract is replaced by a deep green hue. It seems one vast sheet of liquid emerald, curving gracefully over the edge of the precipice, and sweeping downward with endless change yet endless stability, its green tinge relieved with countless flecks of white foam.

The mind cannot long endure the strain of so sublime a scene. The grand monotony of the view soon loses its absorbing hold on the senses, and from sheer reaction one perforce returns to prosaic views of the situation. For our part we found ourselves purchasing popped corn from a peripatetic merchant, who had an odd habit of misplacing the H's in his conversation; and taking a seat above the falls, where the edge of the rapids swerved in and broke in mimic billows at our feet, we enjoyed mental and creature comforts together.

But one need but return to the American side, and cross to the islands, to obtain rest for his overstrained brain among quieter aspects of nature. Goat Island was an utter surprise to me. I had never seen it properly described, or had neglected to read any proper description of it. I certainly had a mental image of it as a contracted bit of rock on the edge of the Falls, with no merit beyond that of situation. But when, (after crossing an intermediate island on which some irrepressible American has established a paper mill, curbing a portion of the wild rapids and forcing them to turn his waterwheel,) I reached Goat Island, I was surprised to find it of many acres in extent, probably a mile in circumference, its whole surface, to the water's edge, covered with a dense forest. Passing inward from the shore of the island, scarce twenty steps are taken ere every vestige of the river is lost to sight—and on reaching its centre, we are to all appearance in the heart of a primeval forest, only the subdued roar of the rapids reminding us of the grand scene without. On all sides rise huge trunks of oaks and beeches, straight, magnificent trees—many of the beeches seemingly from six to eight feet in circumference, their smooth bark covered inch by inch with a full directory of names of notoriety-loving visitors. At our feet wild flowers bloom, the twittering of birds is heard overhead, nimble ground-squirrels fearlessly cross our path—soft mosses and thick grass form a verdant carpet; and on all sides nature presents us one of her most charming phases.

Towards the Canada side a rickety bridge leads to a small island on which stands Terrapin tower, yielding a fine view of the Horse Shoe Fall, with its mists and rainbows. From the other side we reach the charming little Luna island, from whose brink one may lave his hand in the edge of the American Fall. From the upper end of Goat Island we cross to the Three Sisters. These are three small, closely timbered islands, standing in the stream far back from the edge of the precipice, but in the very boil and fume of the rapids, joined together and to Goat Island by graceful suspension bridges, under which the contracted stream dashes with frightful speed. From the bridge connecting the two outer islands the rapids appear in their wildest phase. Here the river, dashing fiercely downward, plunges over a shelf of rock six or eight feet deep, and is tossed upward in so tumultuous a turmoil of foam that the heart involuntarily stops beating and the teeth set hard, as if one were preparing for a desperate conflict with the fierce power beneath him. From every point on the edge of this island the rapids are seen heaving and tossing far as the eye can reach, like the waves of a sea fretted by contrary winds, here tossed many feet into the air, there sweeping fiercely over a long ledge of rocks, and ever hurrying forward to where in the distance we see a long, curved, liquid edge, with a light mist floating upward behind it. The roar of the rapids is alone heard here. Indeed the main roar of Niagara is ascribable to the rapids, the voice of the cataract itself only predominating on the Canada side near the Horse Shoe Falls.

Here we sat for hours on the gnarled trunk of a fallen tree that overhung the water, drinking in the grandeur and glory of Niagara with a mental thirst that seemed unquenchable, and feeling in our hearts that we could willingly stretch the hours into days and the days into weeks, and still descend with regret from the poetry of life into its prose. CHARLES MORRIS.

A Sale of Chinese Girls.

I saw the sale of a family last week, in Hong Kong, for debt, the husband and father of which was in California. There were five children, two girls and three boys. They stood beside the road, dressed in their holiday attire of black. The silence they observed whenever any person passed, and their downcast looks, created curiosity. Ah Hung, our waiter, was called up and asked the cause of this little parade. "Why," said he, "the girls, and perhaps the whole family, are for sale." We stopped our chairs, and stepped out to have a talk with them, using Ah Hung as an interpreter.

The mother was wrinkled and gray, and hung her head, as if she was afraid to look us in the face. But the children, with the exception of the oldest girl, looked cheerful, and were much pleased with their holiday attire. The oldest girl was sixteen, and the oldest boy was fifteen. So said the gruff old broker who had the party in charge and who seemed anxious to dispose of his wares. The broker told us that the husband and father was in California, and had neglected to pay his note given for his passage, and that his family was now offered for sale to pay his debt. He hoped to be able to pay the debt with the sale of the two oldest girls, but as yet he had received no offers. He said that the family became security voluntarily.

In reply to our questions, he said that when a customer bought a child or person, the person was made at once the owner of the same, body and soul. No Chinaman would dispute the purchaser's right to do whatsoever he pleased with the human being he had paid for. The boys would make good servants, he said, and in the course of a few years be worth a fortune to the owner. The girls would make good "amers," or nurses, as they are called in America. He would show us their physical beauty—would make them sing and play tricks if we thought of buying. How much would we give? The oldest girl he would sell for $400; the next one for $200, and the little six year old for $50. The boys he could not sell until the girls were disposed of. We thought the price too high. The market was glutted with saleable girls, and he must not think of getting over $100 for the oldest and handsomest, while for the little ones he must not expect over $10.

He sneered at that, and said that Englishmen always talked in that way when they wanted to buy. While we were talking a party of blue-robed Chinese aristocrats came up and began to inspect the family. They opened the mouth of the oldest girl, rapped on her white teeth to see if they were sound, pulled open her dress, thumped her ribs, laughed at her little feet, told her to show the whites of her eyes, ordered her to sing, and to show them the trinkets which the fond mother had given her as a parting gift. All the while the salesman kept up a constant jabber, in which we took no interest. Time pressing we passed on, leaving the parties disputing about the price and discussing the probabilities of their running away.

We returned the same day to ascertain the result of the sale. Only the mother and her boys were left. The debt was only $300 and $50 of it still remained unpaid. I have been often told by the residents in China, that the parents would as soon sell their children as a cow or a pig. And I had begun to believe that such was the case upon passing the group the first time. But the scene had changed. The girls were gone, and now a boy must go also. The mother sat in the dirt, with her arms around the youngest, wailing in a most piteous manner, and, as Ah Hung said, cursing the men that sold her husband a ticket to America at $300, which cost them but $40. The broker sat listlessly by, smoking his pipe and twirling his cane, looking as if it was the smallest matter of business with him.

The boys were crying, and seemed very much afraid of us, now it was certain that one of them must go. But we passed on and left them in their misery. We never knew whether the boy was sold to a childless man to be treated as a son, to a Portuguese to be carried to the West Indies under a nominal contract, or to a native landowner to be his slave. But that one of them was sold into servitude for the sum of $50 there can be no doubt. The girls were doubtless purchased for the vilest purposes, unless they had the rare luck to fall into the hands of some native in search of a legitimate wife. I am told that the price of girls has gone up within a few months, owing, perhaps, to the fact that a less number of emigrants have forfeited their bond in California than was the case six months ago. I was shown four bright, plump, rosy girls yesterday, who were purchased less than a year ago (the (the whole lot) for $80. Now they sell readily for $300 each.

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON AND McMAHON'S ARMY.

BERLIN, September 3.—Sedan has capitulated. Napoleon has surrendered in person to King William.

King William has telegraphed the following despatch to the Queen and the War Minister:

"SEDAN, Friday, September 2, 1 20 P. M.—A capitulation, whereby the whole army at Sedan are made prisoners of war, has just been concluded with Gen. Wimpfen, commanding in place of Marshal McMahon, who is wounded.

"The Emperor surrendered himself to me, as he has no command, and left everything to the Regent in Paris.

"His residence I shall appoint after an interview with him at a rendezvous to be fixed.

"What a course events, with God's guidance, have taken.

"KING WILLIAM."

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—A sanguinary battle was fought on Friday, along the line from Mairy to Donssy, commencing at five o'clock in the morning. McMahon resisted the Prussian attack until three o'clock in the afternoon.

The firing was incessant and furious along the entire line of both armies, and continued with fearful destructiveness and slaughter.

The firing slackened and ceased at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. At that moment the solid columns of the Prussians, bayonet in hand, advanced to the assault. Quickly did the Prussians move, and, overwhelming and impetuous, they precipitated themselves upon McMahon's lines at all points. The French unavailingly struggled, and were defeated, routed, and were driven in an utterly disorderly mass across the Muese.

The Prussians were victorious and held the entire field lately occupied by the French. The slaughter was fearful from the awful fire which has been incessantly maintained for ten hours. The rout of the French was complete.

At the end of the battle the Prussians had surrounded Sedan, and occupied the roads connecting with Belgium and Paris, thus cutting McMahon's communication. The army of McMahon is said to have been 200,000 strong.

The Prince Imperial is not with Napoleon—and seems not to be included in the surrender.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—Paris will not accept the capitulation of the Emperor and McMahon. They declare that Count Palikao must disclaim all complicity with Wimpfen's surrender, and show his readiness to follow where Paris leads, which will probably be in a direction quite other than that of peace, or Count Palikao's life went be worth an hour's purchase.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—The press of Germany vehemently denounces England and Italy for supplying arms to France.

☞ A Paris paper curiously illustrates the popularity of Mr. Pickwick in France. Describing the departure of the Third Regiment of Voltigeus, it says: "Piquevuique (*sic*,) the dog of the regiment, trotted briskly along in the rear of the column, having his certificate of services, written on parchment, suspended from his neck.

☞ It is a curious fact, that three weeks before the battle of Saarbruck, the Peace Society of Paris sent their deputies to Saarbruck, to celebrate an international feast, held there by the corresponding Society in Prussia. It was held at the station—one of the first places in flames.

☞ In the life of every woman there are two grand epochs at which she is willing to tell her age—when she is sixteen, and when she is one hundred.

☞ The Saturday Review says every American is more or less permanently giddy from steadily contemplating the amazing statistics of his continent.

☞ A minister in New Hampshire lately prayed for rain in this fashion: "O Lord, we pray for rain! Not a tearin', driving rain, such as harrers up the face of nature, but a drizzlin' rain, such as lasts all day and pretty much all night!"

☞ A Bill has been introduced into the Georgia Legislature, making "dissatisfaction" a ground for divorce.

☞ The Bishop of Manchester has decided that in the English Church the black dressing gown is illegal.

☞ A correspondent among the lakes of Maine writes that he asked a boy which was the best of several small lakes for fishing. He answered: "Lake Piasaquattisaquaquanpasamoquiddyuircum—." At this point the correspondent walked away, reached a neighboring lake, fished three hours, and returned. On his way home he met the boy where he had left him, still looking on the ground, and just finishing the name—"oloosikuhugenisnuggi." The writer dates his letter at "Lake Munkatuckookogsquoritakooloonatic."

☞ After a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches in Adrian, Michigan, the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears, according to the usual custom, at the sight of which the groom followed suit, and copiously. After his friend, had succeeded in calming him, he said he couldn't help it, for he felt as bad about it as she did.

☞ LONDON, Aug. 31.—An extraordinary miscellany of passengers is constantly arriving here from Paris—sportsmen, nuns, jockies, horses, school girls, &c.

☞ A Java grandee is coming to this country with his eighty-one children, and wants to secure board in some quiet family.

☞ The Earl of Shaftesbury, in speaking, recently, of the evils arising from the celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy, said: "If his holiness the Pope had a wife, she would not allow him for an hour to remain in the belief that he was infallible."

☞ Certain publicans advertise "Wine from the Wood." What wood do they mean by "the wood?" In the case of Port, perhaps Logwood.

☞ The apple crop of Delaware this year is unusually abundant; wherever there are trees they are laden with fruit. Cider presses and stills are in active operation in Kent and Sussex counties, and apples are bought as low as five and six cents a basket. Such a crop of apples has not been known in lower Delaware for several years past, and it will go far toward making up the deficiency in the corn crop occasioned by the late drought.

☞ Some Christians attend church like parade duty, for which they expect pay in the other world.

☞ An American is using his life insurance policy as a passport with great success in Germany.

☞ Of two men, the one short and the other long, which would be likely to melt first in hot weather? Why, "the taller," to be sure.

☞ California is shipping much fruit East, in cars with revolving fans in the roof driven by the motion.

☞ A timid bachelor at New Bedford, Mass., was recently prevented from making a proposal of marriage to a young lady of that city through the latter having remarked that she had recognized his unsteady legs in the distance long before the outline of his features could be distinguished.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—900 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $6.62½@6.50 for superfine; $6@6.50 for extra; $6.50@7 for Northwest extra family; $6.50@7.25 for Penna family. Rye Flour—275 bbls sold in lots at $5.75@6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Sales of 30,000 bus Indiana red at $1.40@1.42; 4000 bus do at $1.38; 9000 bus Penna red at $1.40@1.42; 5000 bus Delaware red at $1.35@1.40; 4000 bus Western and Southern amber at $1.45@1.50. Rye; sales of 5000 bus new Western, in lots, at 88@90 ₩ bus, and 1500 bus Penna at 90c. Corn; sales 60,000 bus at 95@96c for prime Penna and Delaware yellow; 84@86c for low Western mixed. Oats; sales of 100,000 bus at 51@52c for white Penna and Western, 44@45c for black Western.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $35, and old at $30.75@31. Mess Beef is steady at $20.50@23 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $28@30. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 22@24c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17½@18½c, and shoulders at 15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 19@20c, sides at 13½@15½c, and shoulders in salt at 14c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 16½@17c for steam, and 17½c for kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna stone packed at 22@24c, and Bradford county at 35@40c. Eggs—Sales at 26@28c.

COTTON—Sales of 600 bales Middlings at 19c for Uplands, and 20½@20¾c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches attract but little attention, but prices are steady. Peaches sell at 50c@$1 ₩ basket.

FEATHERS sell at 70@80c ₩ lb for Western.

IRON—We quote No 1 anthracite at $23.50, and No 2 at $22. Bar Iron sells freely at $85 ₩ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 8½@9½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13.50 to 12.25 ₩ 100 lbs.

Reaping Nature's Harvest.

Hundreds of men and boys are now employed by the association of New York capitalists known as the SEA MOSS FARINE Co., in reaping from the rocks on the Irish coast the edible marine lichen which, as prepared under the name of Rand's Sea Moss Farine, has already become one of the important manufactured staples of the American produce market. The patent for this cheap and delicious food element is scarcely a year old, yet its use is all but universal. Every grocery and general store, and every respectable druggist establishment in the country finds it necessary to keep a supply of the article. Housekeepers declare that the quantity of exquisite custard, blanc mange, light pudding, cream, jelly, &c., producible from the Farine exceeds by one-half that obtainable from any other gelatinous agent used in cookery. The central depot is at 53 Park Place, New York.

Going! Going! Gone!

Faster than the auctioneer's hammer knocks down merchandise, neglect disposes of the teeth. Bid, therefore, for that prize of life, a perfect set, by brushing them regularly with SOZODONT.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," has now taken the place of all cements and mucilages.

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for about ten years, and it does as good work now as when new. I feel free to recommend it to the public as the best sewing machine in use."—*R. F. Barnett, M. D., Greenfield, Ind.*

People with Thin Heads of Hair

Should use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*," to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Clear and nicely perfumed. Sold by druggists. Price 75 cents. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, and all dealers. augs7-cowtf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 128 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. HOWARD C. LEAGUE & Co., sep3-1y

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPTHERIA,
INFLUENZA
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all acute, inflammatory, malarious or infectious diseases prevented and exterminated. The weak, feeble, and nervous restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. One bottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than $10 spent for all other medicines or bitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Sold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Price, 50 cents. aug20-tf

What Does Reason Say?

The little mongoose when bitten by a deadly serpent resorts to a certain plant, eats of it, and escapes the effect of the poison. That is instinct. Human beings on the other hand, must depend on reason and experience in selecting the means of protecting health and life against unwholesome influences. Now, what does reason say on this vital subject? Does it not tell us that to invigorate and purify the system is the best way to protect it against the invisible poison which generates disease? Surely it does. The next question is, what guide shall we follow in choosing a medicinal safeguard? Reason replies let your monitor be experience. Well, the experience of eighteen years comprised in one unbroken series of satisfactory testimonials assures us that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS possess strengthening, regulating, and antiseptic properties which are not combined in the same happy proportions in any other preparation extant. This, therefore, is the antidote to which reason bids us resort when our health is imperilled either by the malaria which produces epidemic disorders, or by any other cause, whether inherent and constitutional or connected with our habits, occupations and pursuits.

The venom of a noxious reptile is scarcely more subtle and dangerous than that which lurks in foul air and impure water. To escape the fevers, bilious disorders, disturbances of the bowels, and other serious maladies produced by these insalubrious elements, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach and all the secretive organs should be, so to speak, in a robust condition. Upon the amount of resistance which the vital system can oppose to the deleterious influences that assail it, the safety of the health depends, and it is because the GREAT VEGETABLE INVIGORANT imparts energy and regularity to the most important functions of the body, that it can be recommended and guaranteed as an invaluable preventative medicine. sep3-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. m;21-6m

Invalids,

Especially Consumptives, will find the water and baths at the CONGRESS SPRING, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vt., under the care of DR. S. S. FITCH, of 714 Broadway, New York, one of the best curatives of Throat, Lung, Stomach, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism and Cancers. A cure usually effected in four to sixteen weeks. Climate life-giving, better than Minnesota or Florida. Congress Hall, the excellent hotel, open all the year. Board excellent and cheap. For particulars, references and rooms, apply personally or by letter to S. S. F. CARLISLE, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vermont. au27-8t

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and desiring further information will please apply for Circular to the Principal of Music Yale Seminary, Music Yale New Haven Co., Conn. jy2-3m

Music Yale Seminary

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of March, by the Rev. S. Heisler, Mr. WILLIAM J. CLAY to Miss ELIZABETH J. NORTHEY, both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, D. D., Mr. GEORGE M. COOPER to Miss MARY S. ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. GEORGE O. KRETSCHMAR to Miss CAROLINE SIEBELING, both of this city.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Miller, Mr. HENRY C. PURLAN to Miss MARY D. ELLIOTT, both of this city.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. JOSEPH N. STETSER, of Paulsboro', N. J., to Miss BESSIE SCHELLENGER, of Lewes, Del.

On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. G. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM WARNOCK, of Camden, N. J., to Miss MARY J. MULHOLLAND, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Aug., at Burlington, N. J., ANN B DEACON, in her 83d year.

In Burlington, N. Jersey, on third day, the 30th of Aug., JOHN C. DEACON, in his 68th year.

On the 29th of Aug., SARAH ANN, wife of William Barnes, in her 23d year.

On the 30th of Aug., CLARK JOHNSON, in his 35th year.

On the 29th of Aug., THEODORE H FOWLE, in his 24th year.

On the 28th of Aug., WILLIAM WATSON, in his 49th year.

On the 28th of Aug., MARGARET, wife of Robert Smith.

On the 27th of Aug., JAMES V. [illegible], in his 59d year.

On the 27th of Aug., WILLIAM H. ELWELL, in his 32d year.

On the 26th of Aug., JOHN H. DURANG, in his 27th year.

Wedding Presents.

Wedding presents are a source of much mental worry, both to their givers and receivers. So-and-so is going to be married, and all her friends and relations, down to her ninety-ninth cousins, are supposed to be called upon by that fact to make her a present. When the bride is of the upper ranks, she receives bracelets, lockets, necklets and rings innumerable. Several opera glasses, and, of late, several fans, are also included, and there are presents of Dresden and Sevres and other famous porcelains, enough to stock a shop of moderate size.

In homelier circles, where presents that are not of quite so personal a nature are given, there is sometimes quite an *embarras de richesses* in the way of teapots, cruet-stands, and cake baskets. We have known three cake baskets to be presented to a lady, in whose establishment one would have been sufficient for all needs.

The question is, what can be done? Would it not be convenient for a lady about to enter the holy estate of matrimony to make out a list of what she wanted, and to send it round to her friends, requesting each person to make a mark against the article or articles which he or she would desire to present? In this way, as the list went round, people would see what had been chosen, and there would be no such unfortunate repetitions as those we have indicated. This plan is, however, open to the objection that it savors somewhat of the begging-letter system, and that people might find themselves the subject of forced contributions under such an arrangement even more directly than they are under the present system.

Perhaps the wisest plan would be to follow the example set by the Hon. George Skene Duff on the recent occasion of the marriage of his niece, Lady Alexina Duff. This gentleman's present was a box containing a hundred sovereigns, which of course the happy bride could lay out as suited her own taste. It would be a change from the present style of bridal gifts for a lady about to be married to receive from her friends checks for the amount of the money they meant to expend on her behalf. The checks are quite as capable of being shown as are the usual presents, and a drawing-room table would be very interesting, on which were exhibited a large number of autographs appended to orders to "pay the bearer" sums up to any conceivable amount. Humble people who have not got bankers might employ the medium of Post Office orders. If actual coin were preferred, small heaps of golden "portraits of the Queen" would make a fine show.

Wedding presents are undoubtedly a relic of the old fashion of presenting to the newly married couple something in the way of household goods with which to commence housekeeping. In the ranks of Scottish peasant life, it is not very long ago since all persons who attended a wedding feast made actual presents in kind or money to the bride or bridegroom, with the avowed object of giving them a start in life, and all the guests were admitted on condition of giving a present.

Wedding presents of our own day are generally more ornamental than useful, and there is a certain monotony about them. We think we deserve some credit for having brought into prominence the idea of reverting to the old plan of contributions in cash or checks, and we think that were Mr. Skene Duff's example widely followed affairs would be greatly simplified, and trouble would be saved not only to the bride and bridegroom, but to their numerous friends.

The Tulip Tree.

(*Liriodendron tulipifera.*)

Have you never seen one? Wait a moment for our sketch. A clean, dark gray trunk rises forty to fifty feet in the air, a firm, well proportioned column; the branches then shoot out in ascending angles, and support a dome of shining foliage. The bark of the small branches is quite smooth. The leaves are large, some of them six to eight inches broad, and they look as if they had been cut off at the end and then notched. The flowers are in shape like the tulip, composed of six petals, yellow without, and mottled with red and green within. Each flower is borne on a short stem by itself, and stands out so conspicuous as to be seen from quite a distance. It does not blossom until it is ten or twelve years old, and the flowers do not perfect their seeds until the tree is thirty or thirty-five feet high.

It is the natural tendency of this tree to shoot up into a lofty head. But if planted alone, and its side branches encouraged, it spreads abroad a magnificent canopy of branches and leaves. A few years since, one in our own premises was accidentally injured, and had to be cut off near the ground. Having strong roots, it threw up a number of branches around the old stump, which have since swelled out into a grand mass of foliage from the ground upward. It is now our finest specimen.

The Tulip, like the Magnolia, to which family it belongs, is somewhat hard to transplant when large. Its roots are soft, spongy, easily broken, and with no fibres to spare. Lazy or careless planters had better let it alone; they don't deserve to have such a tree and wouldn't succeed with it if they tried. It can be raised from seed, or obtained when small from the nurseries. We have known it growing wild in Western New York, and along the southern shore of Lake Erie, where it is called "Whitewood." It loves a deep, rich soil, rather moist in summer, but not wet in winter. It grows from two to three feet in a year. In the northern part of New England it is not perfectly hardy.

Perhaps it will influence some to plant the Liriodendron if we inform them that, though an American tree, it is very popular abroad. When first introduced into England, in the year 1688, it was cultivated for several years in pots and boxes, in planthouses. Fine specimens of it may now be seen in every English, Irish, and Scotch park. On the Continent it is a favorite tree for avennes.

In view of all its excellencies, well does Mr. Downing rhapsodise: "No tree, of any clime, unless we except the Magnolia, excels in magnificence the Tulip. In the stately grandeur of its trunk; in the richness and profusion of its singular-shaped and pleasing green foliage; in the brilliancy and abundance of its large, tulip-shaped blossoms and in its freedom from the depredations of insects, it is pre-eminently fitted to adorn our parks, our public avenues and ornamental grounds."

☞ "No, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, who had been taking a nap before dressing for an evening party, "you needn't re-arrange your hair. You couldn't make it look any rougher if you did."

THE PORTRAIT.*

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam;
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,
Like Memnon wakening from his marble dream.

Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor,
The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume;
The sweet, imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom.

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision
That seemed not of earth's mortal mixture born—
Strange mythic faiths and fantasies Elysian,
And far, sweet dreams of "fairy lands forlorn;"

Unfathomable eyes, that hold the sorrow
Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps,
Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow
Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.

Oft has that pale, poetic presence haunted
My lonely musings at the twilight hour,
Transforming the dull earth-life it enchanted,
With marvel and with mystery and with power.

Oft have I heard the sullen sea-wind moaning
Its dirge-like requiems on the lonely shore—
Or listened to the autumn woods intoning
The wild, sweet legend of the lost Lenore.

—*Old and New.*

* Of Edgar A. Poe.

The Religious Plays of Bavaria.

[In the Middle Ages, Dramas representing the principal events in the life of Christ were frequent, being encouraged by the clergy, and they now still linger in a retired district of Bavaria. We give the following account of the last one from the pen of Mr. Blackburn, an English traveller.]

Early in the morning we stroll outside the village and find the "theatre," a large wooden building, with seats for about six thousand people, nearly all open to the sky. The stage, which occupies the entire width of the theatre, is also uncovered, and is still wet with the rain that has fallen during the night. The only covered portions are the principal seats for the audience at the back, and the inner stage where the *tableaux vivans* are shown.

The whole ceremony, and the occasion of it, are so unique, that we must say a few words before describing the event of the morrow. Once in ten years, in accordance with a religious vow, the peasants of Oberammergau and the neighborhood give a dramatic representation of the Passion of Christ.

Fifty years ago these plays were common in Bavaria, but they have long been forbidden by the clergy as "unworthy of an enlightened age;" and, with one or two unimportant exceptions—as in the case of Brixlegg, in the Tyrol—are now only to be witnessed at Oberammergau. There are in all nearly five hundred people engaged in the Passions-Spiel, which lasts, with a short interval, from eight in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon. No one is allowed to take part in the performance who is not a native of Oberammergau. The text of the drama has been revised by Herr Daisenberger; the music is arranged by the village schoolmaster; the scenery is painted by local artists; and the actors, one and all, are working-men of the village. They are all brought up to act from childhood, and rehearse industriously throughout the winter months.

The play, which represents events in the life of Christ from his entry into Jerusalem to his crucifixion and resurrection, is taken entirely from the New Testament history, and is illustrated with prophetic tableaux from the Old Testament, which are shown from the inner stage between the scenes. There is also a "chorus of angels"—on the plan of the old Greek theatres—that come upon the stage at intervals, and recite or sing words addressed to the audience, pointing the moral of the play. It is this chorus, with their mournful voices, that gives in the latter scenes a touching aspect to the drama, and fixes the attention of the audience throughout the day.

At five o'clock on Sunday morning the whole village is up and stirring. Masses have been held at the church every half hour since daybreak; and by seven nearly every one is crowding to the theatre. As we look out of our cottage window, we can distinguish many of the performers walking with their costumes on their arms, and little children carrying palm branches for the first great scene of the Entry into Jerusalem. There is the ass, with its rich covering, led by a poor old man who is to personate Barabbas; and, following them, a crowd of Pharisees and high priests with curiously shaped mitres; and walking quietly after them, in neat peasants' attire, the two daughters of Tobias Flunger (Pilate.) The younger and shorter of the two will presently personate the Maria, and the elder (the beautiful Josepha) will take a principal part in the chorus. They are all so quiet, modest, and unassuming in manner, that it is difficult to realize that they are the actors; and it is almost startling to find that the man who has taken so much trouble to obtain seats for us in the theatre, and who has paid us several little attentions during our visit, is Judas Iscariot. Through his good offices we have reserved places, and are not obliged to go to the theatre at seven, as the majority of the vast audience have done. When we enter, at a quarter to eight, the sun is shining brightly on the vast stage, and on the heads of five thousand people. There is very little noise for such a crowd; and we can hear the birds singing and the wind rustling amongst the trees. At eight o'clock a gun fires in the village, and the play begins. The orchestra, consisting of twenty-four performers, with several good violins, commence an overture; and the chorus, twenty-one in number—nine men and twelve women—come filing slowly in, and take up their position in line in front of the stage. They are clad in bright classic robes, with white tunics and wreaths on their heads—the men shaven, with long hair over their shoulders, scarce distinguishable from the women. Foremost and tallest of the women is Josepha Flunger, who takes the leading contralto part. The leader of the chorus first recites a prologue; they then slowly retire on either side, and the curtain of the central stage is drawn up. After a tableau representing Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, we see, winding down the streets of Jerusalem, a multitude of people in Oriental costume, singing and waving palm branches in the air. Gradually, they crowd upon the immense open stage, the voices becoming louder and the enthusiasm greater every moment; when, in the midst of the throng, the Christ appears, slowly riding down the street, followed closely by his apostles, and hemmed in on all sides by an eager, excited crowd, shouting hosannas to the Son of David, throwing garments on the ground, and singing songs of welcome. The stillness of the audience at this moment was wonderful; and every eye was turned to the grand figure of Joseph Mair (the Christ) as he slowly dismounted from the ass and came into the midst of the crowd. It was as if the finest picture of the Saviour that had ever been painted by the early Italian masters was moving before us; the noble figure; the sad, worn, dignified face; the dark, flowing hair parted in the middle; the purple robe falling in the most perfect folds; the sandalled feet—all copied with strict fidelity, and apparently, without thought or care in the achievement. The apostles who follow could be easily distinguished by their costume one from the other. There was Peter, in a blue robe and yellow mantle, with bare feet; John, in a red costume (after the picture by Zurburan); and Judas, orange and yellow—all copied from the old masters—every fold of drapery being familiar to the eye as represented on canvas. The Jewish crowd had a more Oriental and picturesque coloring, and the variety of costume and attitude in this scene formed a picture of the most effective kind. The number of persons on the stage must have been nearly three hundred; but there was not one of that number who reminded the audience that they were witnessing a mimic scene.

After three scenes, representing the Journey to Bethany, Christ taking leave of His Mother, and the Temptation of Judas—all accompanied by prophetic tableaux and the explanatory chorus—comes the scene of the Last Supper, from the celebrated fresco by Leonardo da Vinci. We see Christ and his apostles seated at the table, and the bread and wine administered apparently to each. This, and the Washing the Disciples' Feet, is performed with the utmost solemnity, the chorus (invisible) singing a hymn.

After three more tableaux—one of which represents Samson overpowered by the Philistines—we witness the Agony in the Garden, the Betrayal by a Kiss; and, finally, Christ deserted by his Disciples, bound by the soldiers, and led away.

Thus ends the first half of the play (in which there are fourteen scenes and eleven tableaux), which has lasted without intermission for three hours and a half, without a single hitch or a sign of hesitation on the part of any of the performers, great or small. It is half-past eleven, and the chorus, who have stood bareheaded in the sun nearly all this time, must have need of rest. The audience disperse quietly, many of them to dine in the neighboring fields or in the wagons that line the roadside. We have just time for a hasty repast and to return to our seats by half-past twelve, when a gun is fired again, and the second part of the play begins, consisting of twenty scenes and fourteen tableaux.

Again the chorus come filing slowly in, and sing the sad refrain which sounds so mournfully through the trees. The wind has risen, and their robes are tossed into wide horizontal folds, and the dark tresses of the beautiful Josepha Flunger are flying in the wind.

The second part opens with a striking tableau, showing Ahab and Jehoshaphat seated on thrones, surrounded by their court, and before the Micaiah, the prophet of the Lord—a tableau, typical as the chorus explains, of the sufferings of Christ, so soon to follow. The curtain falls; the chorus retire again, and immediately there enters a crowd of people bringing Christ before Annas, who appears on a balcony of his house. It is impossible to describe the exciting nature of this scene, or the natural manner in which every child, even, in the Jewish crowd acted his part. In this scene, where Christ is brought before Pilate, there must have been more than two hundred people on the stage; but there was no confusion anywhere. And it was here, and in the two or three succeeding scenes of the drama, that the acting of Joseph Mair was most admirable and striking: his attitude in the midst of the mocking crowd; his appeal to Annas, answered by a blow from one of the soldiers, brought tears to the eyes of the audience; and there was a silence at this point literally broken by sobs.

But, not to dwell upon each scene, nothing in the whole play seemed to excite the audience more than Judas, in his orange and yellow robes, flitting about the stage, clutching at his bag, which held the "price of blood;" until, able to bear the strain no longer, he rushes into the midst of the council, and, throwing down the bag of silver, with a wild shriek of despair flies from the city. The tragic effect of this scene—to those even who could look upon it as upon an ordinary drama—was fearful; and in the following one, where we see him in the last act of desperation, unloosing his girdle, and climbing a tree as the curtain falls, one or two of the spectators fainted.

In the next scene Jesus is brought before Pilate, and afterwards before Herod; but the most striking scene is where Pilate delivers Jesus to the multitude and releases Barabbas. This was acted with great ability by Tobias Flunger as Pilate; and, as a picture, was most effective. The grand figure of the Christ standing before his accusers, the crowd clamoring for his death—the same crowd, the same little children, who, but a short time since, sang hosannas in his honor, and spread palm branches in his path, now shouted and screamed for his blood.

But the great scene of all is, of course, the Crucifixion. Before the curtain draws up, the chorus enter, clad in black cloaks, with black wreaths and crosses on their foreheads. They address the audience, and sing in a mournful strain, broken only by the sobs of the people, and the sound of hammering on the cross. When the curtain is raised we see the Christ, already fixed on the cross, lying on the ground; and on either side the two thieves hanging, bound with cords. They slowly raise the central figure into its position, which reaches to the top of the stage; the crowd falls back, and the most perfect picture of the Crucifixion is before us. It matters not to the spectator *how* the beautiful form of the Christ is suspended—though the means are no secret—so that every limb should fall into the most perfect lines; it is enough for us to record generally that every detail of Gospel history is brought painfully before us; we see the suffering figure, the torn and bleeding hands, and the bruised head with the crown of thorns. Everything is carried out to the letter, even to the piercing of the side, and the breaking of the legs of the thieves. The soldiers on the ground tear up Christ's garments, and throw dice to cast lots for his vesture. Every incident is depicted with terrible reality; and when the end comes, when the Saviour utters the final words, "It is finished," and when darkness ensues, and a crash of thunder follows—the more startling from the silence of the spectators—and a messenger comes rushing in to say that "the veil of the temple is rent in twain," the climax of tragedy is reached.

We cannot speak in detail of "the Burial," "the Resurrection," and the "Ascension" into Heaven, because they come to the spectator as an anti-climax, and are weak in comparison with what has gone before. The only event worth recording after the great scene, is the beautiful Hallelujah chorus at the end—and this is heard to greater advantage from the fields outside the theatre.

And what, it will be asked, was the general effect upon the peasant part of the audience, upon the comparatively poor and uneducated people who had come from all parts of Germany, travelling day and night in open wagons—which formed their lodging at night as well as conveyance by day—to witness the Passions-spiel. The effect was solemn, impressive, and undoubtedly good. There was no misbehaviour or disturbance amongst this immense number of people; and there was no applause or loud expression of approval until the conclusion. The majority sat silently in the burning sun through the long day, reading lessons that they never would have learned by ear, and receiving impressions never to be forgotten in this world. But it had at no time in the day the aspect of a religious ceremony—as it has been sometimes described. It was more the attitude of people in a gallery of pictures of sacred history—they were more or less impressed, but under no particular restraint of conduct.

The ordinary travellers and tourist who are flocking to Oberammergau, will, of course, contemplate this wonderful play with very mixed feelings; but, as may be gathered from the foregoing account, there is nothing to shock the most sensitive religious instincts, and nothing to justify clergymen in England in denouncing the Passions-spiel from the pulpit, as some have already thought it their duty to do. There are some realistic parts of the play, such as the Crucifixion scene, and the breaking of the bones of the two thieves on the cross, which some women had better not see; and one or two of the tableaux—such as that of Jonah and the Whale—are undoubtedly ludicrous, though not more ludicrous than many stained glass windows in English churches; but the general effect upon the minds of those who have witnessed this year's performance is best expressed in the words of a late writer, who says:—"I have never seen so affecting a spectacle, or one more calculated to draw out the best and purest feelings of the heart."

The Album of the Regiment.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDMOND ABOUT.

I.

A tall and rather elegantly-formed woman of about five-and-forty was hurrying along the rue St. Dizier at Nancy at such a rate that her guide, a waiter from the Hotel de l'Europe, had some difficulty in following her. An August sun was beating full upon her head, for she brandished the umbrella in her hand like a javelin instead of availing herself of its shade. From her dress and adornments it was plain to see that she was a stranger to the modes and fashions of city life.

"Madame! Madame Humblot!" cried the nearly exhausted servant. "One moment if you please. You have passed the door. Here is the Colonel's house."

Madame Humblot stopped, and looked about timidly.

"Already!" said she. "Where?"

"Just across the street," said the servant. "Don't you see the sentry?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I will remember it next time. What did you say his name was?"

"M. Vautrin. A fine man he is too, and he gives an elegant dinner every Sunday."

"Is he married?"

"Certainly, and has a daughter almost grown, a young lady."

"Oh! I am so afraid Madame Vautrin will be out," said Madame Humblot.

"That we can soon find out," said the domestic.

He crossed the street, exchanged a few words with the sentry, and returning reported the whole family of Colonel Vautrin at home.

To gain an interview with the Colonel's wife, Madame Humblot would have confronted unheard-of dangers; but now that all difficulty of gaining access to her had disappeared, she felt her heart sink within her. She hesitated about entering the door which stood open before her; but the inquisitive look in the faces of her guide and the sentinel made her pluck up all her courage, and she soon found herself in a very large and comfortably-furnished parlor, in presence of the mother and the daughter. Madame Vautrin was very fat and very timid, and Mademoiselle Vautrin was very thin and not timid at all; and it was the latter of the two who reassured the matrons and opened the conversation by requesting Madame Humblot to be seated, and to explain at her leisure the motives of her very kind visit.

Madame Humblot saw that retreat was now no longer possible; so she explained in a few words that she was a widow owning and managing herself a considerable estate in the town of Morans, and possessed of a daughter of nineteen, whom she desired to marry to a young officer of the garrison at Nancy. The young man, whom a curious succession of circumstances had brought her to look upon as the future husband of her dear Antoinette, seemed an admirable young man, but she was very insufficiently informed in relation to his character, his principles, and his habits, and she invoked the ancient freemasonry of motherhood in requesting from Madame Vautrin in a matter of such importance the plain and unvarnished truth.

This preamble seemed to interest Madame Vautrin and to put her more at her ease. She replied that she felt flattered by the confidence reposed in her, and would conscientiously enlighten Madame Humblot in so far as her retiring habits and very slight acquaintance with the officers composing the garrison would enable her. But if the young officer belonged to the regiment of her husband, "Colonel Vautrin, who knew all his men like Cæsar—"

"But I do not know," interrupted Madame Humblot, "whether he has the honor to serve under Colonel Vautrin."

"If he is an infantry officer, there can be no doubt of it, as ours is the only regiment of that arm at Nancy."

"But perhaps he is in the cavalry. We have never seen him in uniform."

"You astonish me." What is his rank?"

"Captain, I think, or at least lieutenant. He has never informed us of his rank."

"What an original he must be! What is his name, my dear Madame?"

"Alas! Madame, that is one of the matters upon which we hope to be informed by you."

Madame Vautrin stared with wonder at this announcement, and the young girl burst into a hearty laugh. Madame Humblot perceived that there seemed to be some question of the soundness of her wits, and continued hastily:

"I will explain what has so much astonished you, my dear Madame, and you will see that Providence or fate is more responsible than I am for what seems to you so very odd. But is not this charming young lady rather too young to listen to a story of a nature so very—complicated—"

"Madame," broke in the young girl abruptly, and with an air of great self-assertion, "I am nearly fifteen years old, and my mother has always discussed the gravest questions confidentially in my presence. Do you desire me to leave you, mother?"

Madame Vautrin blushed deeply and stammered out, "Blanch—Blanchette—my darling treasure—you need not go away; but practice a little on your piano while we are talking—there's a good child." The spoiled child went to the piano and commenced an exercise, which she attacked furiously at first; but little by little her music became more subdued, and only served as a gentle accompaniment to the conversation, of which she did not fail to catch every striking or interesting feature quite as distinctly as her tender mother.

"Madame," began the Widow Humblot, "I am not ashamed to tell you that I am a perfect slave to my dear Antoinette. Nine-tenths of the mothers now-a-days are just like you and me in that respect, and maternal weakness seems to be an epidemic. When you and I were young we were as much loved, I suppose, but not in the same way. We used to be whipped sometimes, but our daughters never are, though they deserve it quite as much, perhaps. Our parents arranged our lives for us to suit themselves, without much apparent regard to our fancies. We used to bewail our hard lot, and revolt sometimes; but it was of no use, and after all everything turned out for the best; for fathers and mothers know men much better than young girls in their teens. I thought I should die of despair because I was sacrificed to an ignorant farmer when I imagined I was dead in love with a pretty-faced attorney's clerk; but I have always blessed my parents for marrying me in spite of my tears to poor old Humblot, who made me perfectly happy while my pretty clerk was serving out a life sentence at the galleys. Antoinette is a good little girl, who loves me dearly and lets me into all her little secrets, and we have perfect confidence in each other. If she had taken a fancy to a bard case, I should only have to tell her so; but suppose now that this young officer be a good fellow, and he seems to be one, is there any reason in the world why I should oppose her wishes? There were some good matches proposed to us at Morans, but she didn't like any of them, and she gave reasons for her dislike which I could not resist. I always said to myself that she was young still, and we had plenty of time before us. And last month, as we had nearly gone through the whole list of eligibles in our neighborhood without finding any one to her taste, I took it into my head that there would be no harm in looking up something a little further off. I had read in the newspapers that the watering-places, like Baden-Baden, Hombourg, and the like, were places where a great many excellent matches were made; and, besides, my daughter seemed to be becoming a little vaporish, and in need of some amusement; so off we started for Baden. We got on very well till we came to Commercy. There Destiny was lying in wait for us. There was only one place in our railway compartment, and that I had filled up with wraps and bundles, hoping it would be kept unoccupied. But just as the train started an obstreperous crowd of ten or a dozen officers in uniforms, escorting another in civil dress, came directly to our carriage. They were all talking together as is they had just left table. The door of our carriage was opened, there was a general embracing and shaking of hands and bidding good-by, and a young man of twenty-five or thirty came tumbling in among my bundles and shawls. He excused himself very civilly and threw away his cigar with horror as soon as he saw he was in the company of ladies. He was sorry to fill up our carriage, already so crowded, but he was obliged to rejoin his regiment as soon as he possibly could before his truancy should be discovered. He promised to seek a place in another carriage at the next station, and in any event he was not going beyond Nancy. But he did not change at the next station, for we were already engaged in an animated conversation, and every one in the carriage was delighted by his charming and witty manner, for he did not once indulge in any reprehensible vivacities of expression. His language was original, frank, and soldier-like, but had none of the flavor of the barracks, or it would not have proved so seductive both to my daughter and to me. He is really a very accomplished young man, handsome without vanity, brave without bravado, witty without malice, and wild without wickedness. You must recognise him by this description."

"I recognize more than one, my dear Madame, but we will find *the* one."

"Oh, I should know him among a thousand! At first he seemed to direct his attentions to all our company, but finally he concentrated them apparently upon myself and my daughter; and Antoinette listened to him with a really sympathetic curiosity. You would swear that they were made for each other; and perhaps this idea struck them as soon as it did me. He is very tall, so is she for a woman; he is dark, she is a blonde; they have both the same kind of beauty. I said to myself that if love does sometimes fall at once upon two hearts like a stroke of lightning, this was just the case for it. You will see that I was myself quite

bewitched; for a mother is always niggardly of her daughter's love, and we are always disposed to look upon the man who pleases them as if he were a robber. But this youngster got on famously. The enemy's country was conquered in advance, and his march was a triumph. My daughter has been brought up very strictly, and is naturally very timid, both on account of her rather secluded life, and her height, which is unusual at her age. But will you believe that she soon began to chatter with this young man as if they had been close friends for ten years? I could hardly recognize her, she was so full of frank gayety and innocent wiles. They were quite surprised to find themselves at the Nancy station, which proves that they had not counted the miles. The officer bade us adieu in a few words which expressed a great deal—sentiment, good-nature, and modesty. I don't recollect his exact words, but what he said amounted to this: that travelling is a queer sort of business; that travellers attach themselves to each other in a thousand ways as if they should never quit each other, and then at the first station it is good-night to everybody. Each goes his own way with some pleasant remembrance, and that is the end of it forever.

"He seemed to me right enough when I began to think it over by myself; for when one has an only daughter, one wants to have her near home, and her marriage to the bravest and most charming officer in the world seemed to me no better than an abduction. Everything considered, I was glad enough to forget this little incident, and I was pleased to see that Antoinette ceased to speak of it. At Baden we met very many pleasant families, and the young men were very attentive; for Antoinette is not only very pretty herself, but she is known to have an income of about sixty thousand francs, and larks are taken with the same bait at Baden as everywhere else. You may be sure there were plenty of proposals; there were even, God bless me! some to spare for me. In short, everybody was very civil to us, but Mademoiselle accepted it all as though it was due to us, and nobody got any thanks. I used to feel her pulse now and then, and would ask her, Well, what do you say to this one, or how are you pleased with the other? But she always had the same answer, 'Well enough,' 'So, so.' Not the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, but a perfect indifference. So things went on for a month or more, till one day, happening to break a little filigree brooch not worth ten sous, she began to cry at such a rate that it seemed as if she would cry her eyes out. A mother isn't fooled by such disproportionate grief. For such an effect there must be some adequate cause. I questioned her; I began to cry myself; I did just as you would have done yourself, madame, for all mothers' hearts are cast in the same mould; and at last the poor child gave up to me her secret. I had quite forgotten the young officer, but for thirty days Antoinette had been thinking of nothing else. Love had attained gently and noiselessly to its full height in her innocent soul, which had shown itself a soil admirably adapted to its growth. The dear child told me that this love was for her whole life, that she had met her ideal, that she would never marry any other man, and that if I was barbarous enough to refuse my consent it would inevitably be the death of her.

"Alas! I did not need so much persuasion. These daughters of ours hold our heart-strings and lead us wherever they will. I have reflected, madame, on the subject, and I begin to believe that Antoinette has made a wise choice. Epaulets are only a vain ornament, to be sure, but they are to some extent a guarantee. They indicate a certain degree of education, good-breeding, chivalric feeling, courtesy, courage, disinterestedness, and, above all, of personal honor, for a man cannot remain in the army when this last comes to be suspected. The worst of it is, these officers drag our daughters about from city to city and from garrison to garrison; but I thought to myself, they cannot drag them to war with them, and I shall recover my rights over my daughter at each campaign, or, at least, over the babies, for these are not adapted to war transportation. And who knows, after all, but that he may resign his commission when he shall have a family? But, whether or no, my resolution is taken, and this young man shall be my son-in-law, however humble his birth or extreme his poverty. We are rich enough for him and ourselves both, and I have never wanted my daughter to marry a marquis. It is a pretty position enough to be the wife of an officer. But now it remains to be seen whether this unknown beauty may not be a rake or a gambler or a drinker of absinthe. If ill luck would have it that he should be addicted to either of these three vices, I would break off the marriage even though I should bring Antoinette to despair. I would rather kill her at a blow than to see her die a lingering death of torture."

At this peroration Madame Humblot shed a few tears, and Mademoiselle Vautrin made a tremendous din on the piano. Madame Voutrin was an indolent but sympathetic soul, and the effort she had made to follow the recital, joined to the emotion it had caused, had put her into a profuse perspiration. She reflected a moment while wiping her face and the back of her hands, and suddenly asked:

"What if he should be married?"

"Oh! if he be married," replied Madame Humblot, "my daughter is saved. Impossibility settles everything."

"And if he should be a son of some pretentious and titled family—for there are many such in the army, you know?"

"As for that," said Madame Humblot, "we can only give what we have got, and in money we are not so ill provided. And our name is not a bad one either, for it is that of honest people who have never disgraced it. And after all, what does a woman's name signify when it is at once lost and merged in that of her husband?"

"Very well, then; all we have to do is to find the young man. Are you sure you should recognize him at the first glance?"

"Oh, among a thousand!"

"The search won't be either very long or very difficult. The garrison of Nancy is composed of our regiment, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, and a few officers of artillery, and the general staff. I am not myself very well acquainted with Colonel Vautrin's officers—but my daughter has a complete collection of their portraits in a photographic album. We will begin with that, and if you son-in-law is not in the regiment, we will make inquiry among the cavalry and the staff. I am sorry your young man's absence was not on a regular leave, for then we should only have to look over the morning reports for the day you met him. But never fear; we shall find him out; it is only a question of time."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Madame Vautrin, for your aid and kind sympathy. May God reward you by granting to your dear girl the happiness you will confer upon mine!"

Whereupon the two mothers embraced, tearfully, and Madame Vautrin called to her daughter:

"Blanche! Blanchette! my darling love! Eh, Blanchette!"

But the louder the mother called, the more violent and tremendous were Blanche's assaults upon the piano, which one would have thought was undergoing punishment for some fearful crime. When she condescended to give her attention, Madame Vautrin continued:

"I beg pardon for disturbing you. Won't you please bring us your album?"

"My album?"

"Yes, the album of the regiment."

"It is in my room. I will go for it."

She went out slowly, made a face at herself in the mirror as she passed it, and when she had reached her chamber, closed the door after her and bolted it, took up an album bound in red leather with ivory ornaments, and began to turn over the leaves. At number five of the lieutenants of the second battalion she stopped. Beneath the portrait was written the name of *Paul Astier*.

"It is he," said she, making a face. "It can't be any one else."

She slipped the card out of its frame, tore it into little bits, and put them into her pocket. Then reflecting that the vacant space would perhaps excite remark, she tore out the page which had served for a frame, and, when she had concealed its fragments, her little features were lighted up with a satanic joy as she muttered between her teeth—

"At last I have my revenge on an insolent fellow! I am a woman!"

She ran down with the album to her mother, who thanked her, kissed her forehead, and said—

"Now, my dear, you can stay with us; we have finished all our secrets."

And now only think how Madame Humblot's heart began to beat. She only glanced at the portraits of the superior officers, but when the captains began to defile before her she opened wide her eyes. The regiment was not wanting in fine-looking men, but she thought with pride that all were less handsome and distinguished-looking than her future son-in-law. Blanchette grinned as she listened to her remarks, and said to Madame Humblot:

"If these gentlemen could only hear you, they would pick a quarrel with the prince, who so far eclipses them all."

When they had reached the last pages of the album, the little wretch became more wicked and malicious than ever.

"There are only four left," said she; "Hope is in the bottom of the box. Ah! now I have an idea that this is the hero of the romance. No? You won't have Lieutenant Bouleau? But he's a brave soldier. Rose from the ranks; been in service twenty-seven years; seen eighteen campaigns; has the military medal and the cross; and see what a lovely scar he has between the eyes."

"It is all over," cried Madame Humblot. "He is not in the regiment—and I am the unhappiest of mothers."

"No, no," said Madame Vautrin; "if he is not in the regiment, he must be either in the cavalry or the staff. Are you anxious to have the matter settled at once?"

"Oh, so anxious! Only think how that dear angel is counting the minutes at our hotel."

"Well, then, I will take my hat and shawl and go out with you. Blanchette will keep house for me, like a good child."

As soon as the two mothers were gone, Blanchette folded her two meagre arms, struck a stage attitude, then began to walk back and forth in the large parlor like a little panther in a cage. She was ugly without an ugly feature, just as one sees sometimes a very pretty face with hardly a pretty feature. Every physical and moral defect of her awkward age was in her shown in an exaggerated degree. Her thin arms and legs were shaped like drum-stick, her feet were very long, and her hands interminable. Her movements were without grace, and her color dark and without freshness. Her nose, eyes, and forehead seemed to go ill together, although her nose was straight, her forehead shapely, and her eyes lustrous and with good lines. Perhaps it was only harmony that was wanting; but in a woman harmony is everything.

Now, there is no girl of ten years old who doesn't say to herself when she sees a handsome woman, "That is what I would like to be, or what I shall some day when I am grown up." But Nature seems to take a wicked pleasure in bringing to naught these ambitious hopes. She turns up with a brutal finger the poor little nose that wanted so much to be Grecian; she opens half-way to the ears an innocent mouth that didn't ask to be any bigger; hair of an uncertain color, that gave promise of a beautiful auburn, either grows into an ugly brown or takes on the appearance and quality of tow. There is no help for it all, but the effect on the temper is not favorable to amiability. Blanche Vautrin would not probably lack admirers, for a well-dowried colonel's daughter, although ugly, could not fail of a husband; but she none the less was enraged at her lack of beauty, which she desired for itself alone.

Almost all her father's officers flattered her and treated her with as much consideration as if she had been Venus in person, though their cajoleries were always received with disgust and ill-humor. But though their flatteries, which she considered her due, brought her no pleasure, any omission of them was sure to provoke her still more; and while those who offered her this homage were treated with contempt, she hated those who refused it as rebellious and contumacious.

The most bitterly execrated of all these rebels was Paul Astier. He was a handsome, brave, and upright fellow, who had made his own way in life. The son of a forester in the woods of Ardennes, he had worked hard to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at eighteen had enlisted as a common soldier at the beginning of the Crimean war. He had gone through the campaign without a wound, though a mine had exploded directly beneath his feet at the attack on the Malakoff. When he returned in 1856 he had been twice gazetted for gallantry, and had won his sub-lieutenant's epaulets. In 1859 he had exchanged into Colonel Vautrain's regiment, in order to take part in the campaign of Italy, and had found among the privates of his company an old friend and playmate with whom in boyhood he had bound fagots in the Ardennes. Bodin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would have sacrificed his life to serve him. So, in spite of their difference in rank, their old friendship remained unimpaired, and when off duty the greatest familiarity of manner existed between them.

The campaign of 1859 was short, as everybody knows; yet Astier found time to gain a new grade, and at the close of the war went into garrison at Nancy with the rank of lieutenant. From the very first he had not been pleased with Blanchette, and, as he was very little given to the arts of diplomacy, he had not taken pains to make himself agreeable to her. The child was the more annoyed at his indifference as she had found him much more pleasant to look at than any of the other officers. She endeavored to attract his attention, but her attempts were as fruitless as they were awkward, for coquetry is an art requiring much time and practice. But the more failures and repulses she met with, the oftener she returned to the charge; like a gambler who persists in play though he knows his ill luck must only result in his ruin. So things went from bad to worse, and her annoyances daily became more aggravating.

One day she said to him:

"Monsieur Astier, I am told you draw extremely well. Won't you please send me some of your sketches?"

Astier went straight to a toy shop and bought a dozen illuminated baby books which he gave to her.

"The joke seems to be in very bad taste," said Blanche.

"Mademoiselle, I have selected such as are given as rewards of merit to little girls who have behaved very well indeed. If you don't think you have deserved them, I will take them back again."

Another time she attacked him in a large company.

"Monsieur Astier, when you were a private, you used to carry a knapsack, didn't you?"

"Certainly, I carried one very far."

"Well, when you used to sleep on the ground and took your soup from the camp-kettle, what society did you visit in?"

"In a very amiable society, but one which, for that reason, you would hardly appreciate."

Whenever she thought she had found out anything to his disadvantage, she never failed to make it a matter of public question.

"Monsieur Astier, are your parents still living?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And what profession does Monsieur Astier, Sr., pursue?"

"Gathers fagots."

"Ah, indeed! and Madame Astier?"

"Makes the old man's soup."

"What a patriarchal existence! I suppose these honest foresters will be very proud of you when you have got your cross?"

"Mademoiselle, they have not waited so long."

The words of these dialogues are nothing without the music. One should have heard the sharp and drawling tone of Mademoiselle Vautrin in contrast with the deep and frank voice of Astier. Blanche rarely got the advantage in their contests, and as weakness is always cruel, she came finally to the last degree of atrocity.

"Monsieur Astier, have you ever been in any campaigns?"

"In all since my time, Mademoiselle?"

"And under what skies have you cultivated the art of war?"

"In the Crimea, Africa, Italy."

"You have, perhaps, then, seen some of the enemy?"

"Sometimes."

"And what did these wretches do to you?"

"They gave me my promotion."

"But they never wounded you?"

"No, nor killed me. But you should pardon them; it was not their fault."

"How does one manage to escape accidents in time of war?"

"Very easily; one has only to be very lucky."

"Or very prudent."

"Mademoiselle, I am grateful for the compliment; for the colonel, your father, has always denied me that quality."

"It seems to me that a soldier ought to get wounded if only from coquetry. An officer without wounds always seems to me like an imperfect being."

"At the first opportunity, Mademoiselle, I will endeavor to send you one of my arms or a leg?"

"Arms and legs! What should I do with them? I am provided with them."

"Yes, but so slightly."

The least allusion to her scrawniness put her quite beside herself; and she hated poor Bodin almost equally with Astier for some reflection she had heard he had made upon her tawny complexion.

II.

Hatred has miraculous intuitions. The very moment Madame Humblot had begun to tell her story Blanche had thought of Lieutenant Astier. But she was not previously aware of his day's absence without leave the preceding month, and had never heard that he had friends among the officers at Commercy. How did it happen, then, that in the rose-tinted portrait of Madame Humblot she had at once recognised the person she always had represented to herself in the blackest colors? Her mind and hand had both acted so rapidly, and her little piece of villainy had been committed so quickly, that she was surprised at it herself. She began to reflect when the two mothers had left her to herself, and to ask what would happen if the two ladies should chance to meet Astier on their walk. Recognition, emotion, astonishment, Madame Humblot fainting would fall into the lieutenant's arms, an explanation and a good understanding would follow, Mademoiselle Antoinette would come upon the stage, and soon ———. Blanche felt not the slightest sympathy for this overgrown Antoinette.

Nothing in the world could prevent or delay the conclusion if this interview should take place. Astier was an officer in good repute and credit, and had a brilliant future before him. His poverty was accepted in advance by Madame Humblot. There was no doubt that he would thankfully accept the match proposed to him, for he was not averse to marriage; and though his pride and nobility of character would have prevented him from contracting an alliance purely of interest, yet this sentimental young lady could hardly fail to interest him and to inspire an attachment, if her personal attractions were such as her mother herself gave reason to suppose them to be.

He would marry her then, but after, or even before the ceremony, all the little circumstances of the romance would be explained. Madame Humblot would not fail to tell that she had looked through the regimental album without finding her son-in-law, and the reason would be inquired into. What would Madame Vautrin, and what would her father, a man who admitted of no jesting in matters of personal honor, think and say? But what above all she dreaded and feared was the judgment of society. The suppression of the portrait was not only an odious act, but it was becoming a ridiculous one because it effected nothing. If people should only look upon it as a stupid piece of malice, the result of blind hatred, that might pass; but suppose they should incline to see in it the working of quite another passion, a passion the reverse of hatred? Ah! rather the direst tortures than the shame of having, at her age, coveted a man whose affections were placed elsewhere.

Now it seemed almost impossible to conceal the lieutenant from Madame Humblot's pursuit. The old lady had good eyes, and her daughter had probably still better ones; and, although love is said to be blind, it is only when he finds it for his interest to deceive himself. Nancy is a large town to be sure, but there one is not lost in the crowd as in Paris, especially an officer who is always obliged to wear his uniform. Besides, the two mothers were already relating their story to the other ladies of the garrison, who would, of course, be all interested that the discovery should be made. In twenty-four hours the sixty thousand francs of income offered to the handsome unknown would be the talk of the town; and if Astier was not recognized by his friends, he would come forward and discover himself.

There is no other way, thought the wicked young woman; Monsieur Paul Astier must disappear.

This was very much the reasoning and conclusion of highwaymen who, for the sake of precaution, put out of the way the witnesses of their crimes; but it is not so easy to hide away, like a nutmeg, a big lieutenant. Blanchette thought over the matter, and after five or six very wild plans at last hit upon a good one.

She had obtained some time before, and with some trouble, one of Astier's sketches. It was a very funny caricature of one of the officers of the regiment, Major Sparrow, who commanded the Second Battalion. Paul had represented a sparrow eating a cherry, and the whole design, seen at a little distance, made an admirable likeness of the major and the major's nose; for this officer, a brave soldier and a good fellow, had, by his African habits, developed this feature to an unusual degree both of size and color. Aside from this ridiculous defect, he was very much esteemed and respected by every one, and was on the best of terms with his subordinates. He had a high regard for Astier, who returned it fully, and for nothing on earth would have caused him pain; but youth and spirits and love of fun lead one oftentimes into malicious tricks, and when one has formed a good joke he hasn't always the sense to keep it to himself. So this sketch, tinted with water-colors, was brought one day to the mess-table of the subalterns, where it caused much laughter, and one of the other officers added to it an explanatory legend. After the dinner the matter was forgotten, and the sketch itself, in a damaged state, was left on one corner of the table. A friend of Astier, Lieutenant Foucault, picked up the sketch, folded it, and put it in his pocket, and, without thinking any harm, gave it to Mademoiselle Vautrin. A week afterward the young girl had told Astier, with an air of triumph, that she had obtained one of his sketches in spite of him, but did not say what the sketch was, and he had thought no more of the matter. But to-day it was quite another affair. She returned to her chamber, opened a box, took the caricature, signed it with Paul's name in printed letters, put it in an envelope, printed upon it the address of Major Sparrow, and called her father's orderly from the door. "Old Schumacher," said she, "go and put this letter in the post-office, and let no one see or read the address. You won't read it yourself, I know; your education will forbid."

This second little crime weighed somewhat heavily upon her conscience. But then she excused herself by alleging the necessity of the act, and she knew that a duel between a major and a subaltern was quite impossible. The result of it will be, thought she, that Astier will get off with a week or a fortnight of close arrest, and that won't kill anybody. In a week Madame Humblot and her daughter will be tired of wearing out their shoes on the sharp pavements of Nancy. They will think they were dreaming, and will go back to their harvesting. If they only will go before the general inspection, everything will be saved.

She went back to her piano to occupy herself with her music until the ladies should return. Madame Vautrin came in alone, very tired, and evidently dejected.

"Well, mother."

"I don't understand it at all. We have turned over the cavalry, stared at the artillery, questioned the engineers, and passed in review the general staff. All the ladies have been so kind and have aided us in every way and shown the greatest interest in Madame Humblot. But we have been completely at fault. My headaches with it. Haven't you some idea of how it is?"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell me, then."

"I have an idea that these two innocent people have allowed themselves to be humbugged by some joker who is no more an officer than I am."

"Child, do you suppose any one would pretend to be an officer when he was not?"

"Why not? I read every day in the papers of rogues assuming the uniform and the medals of military men in order to cheat people."

"Yes, but officers themselves are not to be so deceived. Recollect that at Commercy———"

"I know that; nevertheless some civilian may have possibly dined with the officers at Commercy, and after dinner, when a little excited, may have thought it a good joke to humbug Madame Humblot."

"But for what purpose?"

"Oh! for fun, and because there are some faces that provoke humbugging just as certain trees draw the lightning. If you like to think that it was some very distinguished young officer, very well; but if I were you, I should be careful how I encouraged my friends to risk their happiness and their savings on a person who has begun by appearing in a false character."

"But if he is an officer, this young man?"

"How can he be?"

"Well, these ladies are coming here to tea this evening; don't discourage them at all events."

At dinner Madame Vautrin told the story to her husband.

"My dear," said the colonel, "I am sorry this prize hasn't fallen to one of our young men. Lieutenants would be much more comfortable if they had sixty thousand francs to add to the sixty-five they receive on the first of each month."

"But, papa," asked Blanche, "do you suppose an officer could be strolling about without leave for a whole day without his colonel knowing anything about it?"

"It might happen in some garrisons through the negligence of the commanding officer; but in my command, I venture to say, such a thing would be impossible."

"Oh, papa, you needn't be uneasy about it. This officer, if there be an officer in the case, certainly is not from your regiment."

Madame Humblot and her daughter came in the evening, and the sight of Antoinette gave Blanche a bitter pang.

Fancy the rage of a child who knows she is ugly, who has passionately longed for beauty, and has even imagined for herself an ideal of grace and elegance. All at once she sees before her the very incarnation of her vague desires, the person she has always dreamed of being. Another possesses in full completeness all the graces of person, all the charms of feature, she has so fondly hoped for. It seems to her almost as if she had been robbed of her own proper personality, and cast-off garments had been thrown to her in charity.

But the young woman exercised some restraint over her feelings, and repressed her first impulse, which was to tear out Mademoiselle Antoinette's eyes. They shook hands, smiled upon each other, and exchanged without apparent effort the customary civilities. Soon they began to be intimate, and the candor and expansiveness of the poor victim was without limit. She could not for moment doubt the sincerity and truth of the young man, or believe that he had made the slightest false pretences. She thought the two old ladies had perhaps looked over the album too hastily, or that the picture had been a bad likeness.

Blanche pretended to agree with her, and drew her into an adjoining room away from prying curiosity, and put the whole regiment into her hands that she might study it at her ease. When she had finished the album, the perverse creature kissed her and said: "Do not be troubled about it; there isn't a single officer worthy of you in papa's regiment. I know it; we must look elsewhere. Probably he belongs to the staff, and to-morrow we will look for him together. Now let us go into the parlor, for mother has sent word to the officers that she would be at home this evening, and many of them will come in; for your arrival is quite an event here, and they will all desire to see you. Perhaps *he* will come, and you will meet him face to face."

There was a numerous company in the parlor when they returned. All the ladies had come to see the Humblots, and most of the bachelors to show themselves. Many a one had said to himself as he gave the last stroke of the brush to his dress-coat: "Since it has pleased Heaven to permit a brilliant heiress to fall a prize to one of the garrison at Nancy, perhaps Heaven will carry its originality so far as to cause my humble person to find favor in the eyes of the fair one." With this hope each endeavored to expose his own special advantages. One twirled his moustache, another brought his well-shaped foot to bear, another turned about on his heels to show the elegance and grace of his figure. Among all these fine fellows Paul Astier was only conspicuous by his absence. Since Blanche had become altogether rude to him, he never came to the colonel's except on occasions of ceremony or on an express invitation.

If Mademoiselle Humblot was disappointed, Blanche had the satisfaction of seeing Major Sparrow talking in private with her father, and gesticulating with some vehemence. This is what had taken place toward the end of the day: As Astier was folding his napkin after dinner, he had been hastily summoned to the major's quarters. He had gone with pleasure, hoping that the major required some service of him which he would be only too happy to perform.

But as soon as he saw the old officer, he perceived at once there was a storm brewing, for the nose was fairly blazing in the midst of his singularly pale countenance.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "have you ever had reason to complain of me when on duty?"

"Never, major."

"Or off duty?"

"Never."

"Have I ceased to deserve esteem among men, or to have a claim to the respect of young people?"

"Every one esteems and respects you, Major."

"You haven't lost your wits by some accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"You haven't been drunk to-day?"

"No, that I am sure of."

"Then why the devil have you insulted me, sacre bleu?"

"I, Major?"

"Who but you? I didn't address this blackguard thing to myself, I suppose. Do you recognize it?"

Paul recognized the sketch, which he had supposed destroyed long ago and had quite forgotten.

"Major," said he, "when I drew this wretched caricature a year ago, I did a foolish and improper thing; but he who stole it, kept it, signed it with my name, and sent it to you, has done an infamous one. I ask your pardon for a fault which would have been a slight one if it had not come to your knowledge. As for the beggar who has taken pains to turn a trivial joke into an insult, I will endeavor to find him out and to punish him as he deserves."

"Meantime," said the major, "since I should not have received this work of art unless you had executed it, you will be good enough to consider yourself under close arrest until further orders."

It is no great hardship for a civilian to remain in his lodgings, although quite alone, for a week or two; but for a young officer it is a severe punishment. Almost always very poor, there is nothing homelike or attractive about the rooms they use only to sleep in. Paul Astier, like all infantry lieutenants, paid twenty francs a month for his quarters, sixty-five francs for his board, and for other necessary expenses the remainder of his pay, excepting the small sum of eleven francs per month, which he was at liberty to devote to cigars, to the coffee-house, to literature, to charity, or other extravagances or superfluities.

He occupied a narrow and ill-furnished chamber in the oldest part of the city, but life had always smiled upon him, and he had dreamt pleasant dreams in his little den. A simple volunteer, he had advanced as far at his twenty-sixth year as the graduates of the military school of the same age. His name had already been three times presented at general inspection as a candidate for the

cross of the Legion of Honor, and he hoped soon to be promoted to a captaincy. If he kept on at the same rate, it was certain he would gain the rank of a general officer before he reached the age of superannuation. In the meantime his poverty was not irksome to him, and he was content. But the evening he returned to his lodgings under Major Sparrow's order, it seemed to him as if his star had suddenly become eclipsed, and the little room seemed very dismal. He hardly touched his dinner, which the faithful Bodin had brought to him perfectly cold, and soon became absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was discontented with every one, himself included. He had given offence unintentionally to an excellent old man, and this event could not fail to be attended by unlucky consequences. The general inspection was approaching, and, for a fault of which he was only half guilty at the worst, he should run the risk of again failing to obtain the cross. This was the third time. His first nomination was after the battle of Solferino, and that time he had failed because in actual war the wounded take precedence. The second time, the inspector-general had set a black mark against him as "too familiar with his inferiors and wanting in dignity." For, the evening before at a party, Blanche Vautrin had said to the general, "Do you see that tall officer who has such a fine figure? He lets his orderly *thee* and *thou* him because they watched cattle together when they were boys at home."

The general had found that this was true, and had marked off poor Astier. This time the affair was much more serious, but Paul was less effected by the thought of losing his just rights than by the shame he felt at having such an accusation to make against a fellow officer. The treachery was so base that he could not bear the thought of imputing it to a comrade. The first sensation of physical ill makes the new-born infant utter cries of pain; and a young man experiences something similar when he first opens his eyes to the existence of moral evil, and discovers that every one is not honest and kind like himself. Without undressing, Paul threw himself upon his little bed and cried.

III.

His confinement lasted for a whole fortnight, and during this time of absolute solitude he had no other distraction than the sight of the street, and the greasy novels which Bodin brought him from a neighboring circulating library. Several times he felt ashamed of his idleness, and wished to shake off his torpor and commence a work upon the military art over which he had long meditated. But he found with grief that his brain refused its service under these conditions, and his thought broke its wings against the walls of his chamber. He found that liberty of movement was indispensable to the gestation of ideas, and that days of captivity like days on shipboard, are only the wastage and the refuse of one's life.

Meantime, Madame Humblot and her daughter had taken again the road to Morans. The old lady was as much vexed as a sportsman who has failed to make a bag, and feels like shooting down pigeons and poultry rather than return home empty-handed. Towards the end of her stay she had pointed out first one officer and then another to her daughter, and seemed to say to her, "Since the Phœnix has disappeared, let us take the best we have left."

But Antoinette's heart was not to be moved.

"If it be God's will that I ever marry," said she, "I shall find again him whom I have loved. But if this happiness is denied me, I shall know that it is His will to keep me to Himself."

Blanche Vautrin gloated over her despair like a little demon. She never quitted her victim, and tasted drop by drop each one of her innocent tears with ravenous appetite; then all of a sudden she would herself burst into tears without apparent motive, would embrace poor Antoinette with violence, and eagerly demand her favor and pardon. Antoinette hardly knew how to express her gratitude for such generous outbursts of sympathy, and could only exclaim:

"How good and kind you are! and how I love you!"

"Oh, no," Blanche would reply; "you must detest me, rather. I have a wicked heart. I am a monster!"

Three or four times she was just on the point of avowing everything, but something restrained her. It was neither jealousy nor the dread of blame, nor remorse for the lies she had told, but a kind of shamefaced pride.

"I would avow all," she said to herself, "if I were only a little older; if I were only sixteen instead of fifteen; but people are so malicious and though they admit that the heart has neither youth nor age, yet this maxim only serves to justify the follies of old maids of forty."

The day Mademoiselle Humblot bade her good-by, with every demonstration of affection she said to her:

"I do not ask your friendship, but your prayers. I am more unhappy than you, though you cannot understand it. My conscience is like a field of battle covered with the dead and wounded. I have done all I possibly could to aid you; and if you are not happy, there are others, much more wretched than you."

No one sought for the explanation of this enigmatical language. Nothing is astonishing in the mouth of a girl of fifteen.

Two days after the departure of the Humblot family, Paul Astier was released from confinement. The cause of his arrest was not made public, but it was known that he had treated his superior officer with disrespect. His name was stricken off the list of nominations for the cross, and that of Lieutenant Foucault put in its place. When he reappeared at the mess-table he received coldly the condolences of his comrades, and when at dessert a bottle of champagne was opened in honor of his return, he rose when his health was proposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before responding I have a question to ask. Do any of you recollect that about a year ago I showed one day at table a caricature of Major Sparrow?"

He did not wait for an answer, but continued in a dry tone:

"The dinner ended so gayly that I forgot to take my sketch with me. Did any one of you happen to find it?"

"I did," said Foucault.

"Ah, indeed! was it you? The coincidence is disagreeable.

"Why?"

"Did you keep the drawing?"

"No. I thought it of no consequence, and I gave it away."

"Gave it or sent it?"

"Gave it directly."

"Foucault, tell me this instant to whom you gave it."

"I receive orders only from my superiors, Monsieur Astier."

"If you refuse to receive my orders, you will take at any rate this glass of wine in your face."

The action followed the word. The others interfered to prevent a scuffle, and a duel was settled upon. The colonel could not interpose to prevent it, as the insult had been too flagrant. The next morning early they fought with regulation swords, and Paul Astier was run through the body. For two months he lay in the hospital just between life and death.

About this time Blanche Vautrin fell into that languishing state of health which is often attributed to too rapid growth in girls of her age. She had fever, convulsions, and delirium, and several times was given up by the physicians; but she passed through the crisis and began slowly to recover. But her illness and her convalescence wrought a wonderful change in her appearance. Her friends, if she had any, would hardly have recognized the little homely Blanche in the tall, pale, and slender young girl, who was now driven about each day in the sunshiny autumn days. Her eyes were now large and lustrous, her nose straight and thin, of Grecian outline, and her pale lips were bounded by lines of delicate and antique grace. The lack of harmony in her features was now no longer seen, and it seemed as if everything had been moulded anew by the cruel hands of suffering and distress.

Nor was this change confined to her external features. Her voice had acquired a sweeter tone and more sympathetic inflections, and her wit and judgment seemed to have lost their causticity and harshness. Her heart was more open to the gentle emotions, and even the sight of a lonely and late-blooming violet would awaken a tender feeling. To convalescents everything seems newly made, and they fancy that Nature has decked herself anew for their special delight.

She gradually recovered her strength, but her gayety had quite forsaken her. It was thought she could hardly endure the winter of Lorraine, and it was arranged that she should spend the cold season in Palermo with her mother. The day of their departure they met before the door of the station a tall, and pale young officer, who was walking painfully along, one arm resting upon a cane and the other on the shoulder of the faithful Bodin. He touched his cap to the colonel, who was in the carriage, then turned away with an indefinable expression of disdain. Blanche comprehended that an explanation with Lieutenant Foucault had taken place after the duel, and that Paul was no longer ignorant of the author of his misfortunes.

Madame Vautrin, always kind and tender-hearted, said to her daughter—

"There's a poor fellow who sorely needs a trip to Sicily, too."

"Unluckily," replied the colonel," he has only his pay to live on."

Blanche could not help thinking that except for her the young officer would be in good health, rich, and happy. Her remorse followed her to the land of the orange and myrtle. To a soul not utterly corrupt, a bad action is a heavy burden. Hardly a day passed that Blanche did not think of Paul Astier, and ask herself, "Where is he now? what has become of him? He must feel the cold so cruelly, while I seek shelter from the warm sunbeams. Perhaps he may have had a relapse—perhaps he is dead. And I should know nothing of it! No one would inform me—and I, unhappy girl, have not even the right to ask a question concerning him!"

Now and then she exchanged a letter with Mademoiselle Humblot, and the news which she received from Morans, did not comfort her conscience. Antoinette informed her that she was about to enter a convent, but without formally renouncing her liberty. An absurd but obstinate hope still sustained the poor girl.

"Still another brave heart that I have brought to desolation," thought Blanche, "and for what? What have I gained by all this suffering? I spread misery around me, and there is not in the whole world a more unhappy wretch than I."

While she was passing her life in alternate self-reproach and self-bewailings, the climate, the open air, exercise, and, above all, youth, had performed their work and completely metamorphosed her little person. Her frail figure had become full and plump, her dresses became too small for her, the bony protuberances of her arms disappeared, and here and there dimples began to show. Her color had changed from a dull tawny hue to the brilliant olive so much admired in creoles. At Palermo, she was thought beautiful; and her mother passed hours and hours before her in rapturous contemplation. Indeed, it seemed as though base lead had been transmuted into shining silver; and after six months' absence, Madame Vautrin brought back to Nancy a Blanchette who was charming. Her beauty was not altogether regular, and of the lost ugliness there still remained something strange and striking; but this very singularity was not to be despised, and many women would pay dearly for it if it were to be bought in the shops.

Paul Astier had completely recovered, and not only had resumed his military duty, but for two months had been hard at work at his quarters. He would not have allowed himself an hour of recreation a week, if he had not been obliged to appear at the Monday evening receptions.

This necessity brought him several times into Mademoiselle Vautrin's presence, but he always affected not to know her. Beautiful or ugly, she was neither more nor less monstrous in his eyes; but still he did not fail to do justice to her beauty.

One evening when he was near her, though her back was toward him, she divined his presence, and turning quickly upon him said—

"Am I then so much changed, Monsieur Astier, that you have quite forgotten me?"

He replied, coldly—

"Always and everywhere, Mademoiselle, no matter what changes may happen, you may be sure of my grateful remembrance."

Then turning away from her he left the room, lighted his cigar in the vestibule, and humming an air, returned to his quarters, where his work was awaiting him. This was the execution of his long considered plan of a new work upon the military art, which should revolutionize the whole system and organization of the army. He had thought much and deeply upon the subject, and his experience in the Crimea, in Africa, and Italy, had made evident to him many of those vices in the military system then practised, which it was his object to correct and remove. His book gave evidence of careful study and sound judgment, and even its most Utopian chapters were full of brilliant ideas, some of which have since been adopted and made to do good service in the army; but, unfortunately, Paul Astier was too early with his schemes for improvement; he was right too soon, and his watch was a few hours in advance of the official clock. But he felt so sure he was right, and the fever of invention so wrought upon him, that without waiting for the necessary official permission to publish his work, he hurried with it to the printer, and had a first edition of fifteen hundred copies struck off at once. This involved an outlay of six thousand francs, of which he had not a single sou. But he felt so sure of success, that he did not hesitate to incur this obligation in order to hasten it. He sent the first ten copies to the bureaus of the War Department, quite persuaded not only that the publication would be permitted, but that the entire edition would immediately be bought up by the Government for distribution through the army.

Of the ten copies, nine were thrown aside unread; the tenth fell into the hands of an old bureau martinet, who opened it to kill time, and almost burst with indignation at the first page. "What! overthrow the established order of things! Abolish the red-tape and circumlocution office! Raise a sacrilegious hand against a system and an institution so perfect and so beautiful, one which in a few years would make France the fourth or fifth power of the Continent! And in what disordered brain had such a revolutionary idea first germinated? A lieutenant's! In a general it might possibly have been pardoned, in a colonel passed over with slight reprimand; but in a lieutenant it is simply damnable!" Upon the report of the old officer, the Minister of War caused a severe letter to be sent to Astier, forbidding the publication, and warning him against similar imprudences if he would not entirely ruin his prospects in the army. Among that strange people called the army, to hear is to obey. No one is right unless by permission of his chief, and good sense and reason are matters of rank. When two of the race disagree, it would be ridiculous to weigh their respective arguments; it is enough to count the stripes upon their caps. The lieutenant was regularly informed that he was quite wrong, and it never occurred to him to raise further question. He gave away twenty copies to his friends and comrades, and the remainder of the edition was consigned to the garret of the printing-office.

If the matter could have rested there, no harm would have been done; but the paper and printing had to be paid for, and as Astier made no secret of his absolute poverty, his creditors were obliged to write to the colonel to make reclamation upon his pay-roll. Now his pay barely sufficed as it was for his subsistence; but supposing one-fifth of it to be applied to the claims of his creditors, the liquidation would require a few days over nineteen years. In such cases the rule adopted by the military authority cannot be sufficiently admired. The debtor is at once placed on the retired list; that is to say, reduced to half-pay. Paul Astier then found himself one fine morning in a condition of semi-destitution which left him about eighty francs per month. His colonel took him aside and said to him with all the courtesy and kindness imaginable:

"My dear fellow, I am very sorry, but I can't help you. We are all bound by the Regulations. You will be missed in the regiment, for you are not only endowed with great capacity, but with the most amiable qualities. I will do what I can to reconcile you with the superior authorities, and we shall all be glad to have you back again when you have paid your debts. Choose whatever residence you please."

Paul replied that he would remain at Nancy, but that he had no hope of being able to pay his debts.

"What the devil then put it into your head to write and print a book? You had begun so well, my dear fellow! But now for two years you seem to have got into a streak of bad luck. It began with your trouble with Sparrow. I'm not superstitious, but sometimes it seems to me as if some one had cast a spell over you."

"It may be so, Colonel."

The next day he quit service and began to give lessons in the town. As he had some good friends who recommended him, he soon had plenty of pupils. He taught some drawing and others mathematics. He no longer frequented the cafe, was prodigiously economical, reduced his expenses to one hundred francs a month, and began to pay something to his creditors. One day some one asked him if he would give a young lady lessons in water-colors.

"Certainly," said he.

"Well, take care you don't fall in love with your pupil. She is Mademoiselle Vautrin."

"Ah, right enough," replied Paul; "she is much too pretty; besides, I have no time to give her."

Blanche kept herself informed of all that he did. She talked with the orderly, Schumacher, who tippled with Bodin, who still served his old lieutenant gratis. The young girl felt sincere admiration for the young man who showed so much courage in his ill fortune. She saw him struggling against impossibilities without the least affectation of heroism, and rolling the rock of Sisyphus with the same simplicity with which a day-laborer trundles his wheelbarrow. For the first time in her life she awoke to the conception of true greatness of soul, which is never without simplicity; but the more justice she rendered to her enemy, the more rigorously she condemned her own conduct. One sad October day she saw from her window a tall young man hurrying along the street in the driving rain and sheltering himself, his books, and his papers, as well as he could under his umbrella. It was Astier. "There he goes," said she to herself, "he who once was the gayest, the brightest, the most cheerful officer of the regiment! and it is I who have brought him to this pitiable state!" As she was absorbed in these reflections Astier raised his head, and recognizing the colonel's daughter touched his cap politely without slackening his pace. She leaped toward him with a kind of frenzy like a blind or a crazy person. Her arms were extended before her, her hands struck the window panes, and drawing back as if overcome by shame, she fell into a chair and burst into sobs.

The young man caught in his haste some glimpses of this pantomime, and fell into a reverie as he returned to his den.

"My eyes must have deceived me, or I have comprehended ill," thought he; "but even though she should repent of her wickedness, remorse would only make one more contradiction in her perverse and wilful soul."

Nevertheless, this trifling incident left a pleasant impression after it. Man is preeminently a social being. The idea that we are hated, even though by those the least worthy of our friendship and separated by leagues of distance, is always saddening to us. An anonymous insult will poison the hours of a Stoic. Paul Astier all at once found the sky less sombre and his little chamber less dreary. His conscience felt relieved of a burden, although in this guerilla warfare he had no cause for self-reproach. He thought oftener and more pleasantly upon the inexplicable creature who now seemed to bear him some little good-will after having done him so much mischief. The sudden change excited his curiosity, like a problem to be solved. He was naturally led to pass from time to time before the colonel's house, which he used before to shun. He sometimes caught the eye of Mademoiselle Vautrin, and he felt sure that she now no longer looked upon him with hatred. But as he was miserably poor and wretched, and as the most of his troubles could be laid to her door, his lips still expressed a bitterness which was no longer in his soul. "She is an odious monster, but she may have some vestige of a heart after all. But she is a pretty monster none the less."

If he had visited as he used to do, Blanche might have plucked up courage to have gone straight to him and to sign a treaty of peace between two quadrilles. She felt strong enough to confess all her wrongs and to beg for absolution. But where could she meet this mercenary, who was beating the pavement from six in the morning until he retired to his hole at eight in the evening? She certainly could not pursue him in the streets.

Six long months passed by—long for Astier, who was toiling hard and long, for Blanche, who was wearing away a purposeless and weary life. One morning she received a letter with the post-mark of Morans. She durst not open it, and ran to her mother, crying, "Open and read it; I am afraid to. I feel sure Antoinette Humblot is going to be married."

Her instinct had not deceived her. Antoinette announced with sadness her approaching sacrifice. After having made two trials of the convent without succeeding in resigning herself to its privations, the poor girl had ended by devoting herself to her mother's happiness. She was to be married to a neighboring farmer, a widower, but still young, whom she esteemed without loving. The nuptials were to be celebrated in a fortnight, unless some miracle should intervene. They hoped to enliven them by the presence of Madame and Mademoiselle Vautrin, but could not promise them very gay countenances. The postscript was charmingly sincere:

"MY DEAR BLANCHE: I still preserve in the depths of my heart a souvenir which I cannot now suffer to remain there without sin. I pluck it out and send it to you. When you shall have destroyed this letter it will have ceased to exist. It is done. I beg your tears."

Blanche did more than weep; she sobbed aloud, she prayed, she begged pardon of God, of her mother, of poor devoted Antoinette. "No!" she cried, "I will not destroy a souvenir so touching and so pure! Good, faithful, noble girl! she was made for him; they are worthy of each other. Ah! shall every one but me in this wretched world be of some worth and value? I will become like them, cost what it will! I will undo my detestable work, and will repair the harm I have done. Without a miracle, did you say, dear angel? Then a miracle there shall be!"

Madame Vautrin was utterly confounded at this explosion, and sobbed and wept without knowing why.

"But tell me," she begged, "tell me what is the matter. What has happened? Heaven help me, my daughter has lost her wits!"

"No, mother, I am calm, and I will be brave, and you shall know all. But send for my father; he must be here."

When she was in the presence of her judges, she drew up her own indictment, and did not spare herself. The history of the album terrified her mother, who could hardly credit such deep dissimulation in her daughter; but the colonel was not so much affected by it, and perhaps only half understood it. But when he knew that Blanche had put the signature of Astier and the address of the major to the fatal caricature, he turned pale and sprang to his feet with uplifted hand.

"Wretch!" cried he, "I would crush you this instant before me if you were a man; but, thanks to God, you are a miserable girl, and will not always bear my name!"

She did not bend before his terrible anger, but walked straight up to him and said:

"Kill me, father. You will do me a kindness, for I am so wretched."

When she had confessed everything the colonel said to her:

"Do you know what we have now to do? I shall send for Astier, and will recount to him before you all your infamous behaviour; I will place him again in the path of fortune and happiness from which your wickedness has driven him; and, as you are an inferior and irresponsible creature, I will myself ask his forgiveness for the wrong you have done him."

Paul was sent for and came in. As soon as he perceived the two ladies, he understood that there was no question of military duty, but he could guess no more. Madame Vautrin was wiping her eyes, and Blanche was clutching the arms of her chair as if there had been an abyss before her. The colonel was red in the face, and pulled at his shirt collar, and twisted his moustache, and cast furious glances about him.

"My dear Astier," he began, "you will one day be a father—soon, I hope. May God preserve you from ever knowing the shame which at this instant is strangling me! Do you recollect that six months ago I asked you if some one had not cast a spell over you? My friend, there is the sorceress!"

"Colonel, I beg of you, deal gently with your daughter; she was but a child when she committed the—rogueries you reproach her with."

"What! you know then?"

"The story of Major Sparrow? Certainly, I have known it long."

"And you said nothing, and you passed it over! and you barely escaped death on the field! Blanche, if he had died, I would have killed you!"

Blanche was silent, but her countenance seemed to say, "I should not have cared."

"But if you knew all," continued the colonel, "why then haven't you married Mademoiselle Humblot?"

At this name Paul's stupefaction showed clearly that there was a part of the story that he did not know. The colonel related the affair from its beginning as he himself had just learned it. He spoke in high terms of Antoinette's beauty, and fortune, and various merits; but the lieutenant seemed more perplexed than dazzled. He sought in the countenance of Blanche for some commentary explanatory of her father's words, and Blanche, feeling his eyes upon her, trembled under their grave, scrutinizing, but gentle look. Paul Astier's kind and clement eyes troubled her more than her father's rage. The lieutenant had never yet shown so much kindness toward her; and never, no never, in their long warfare, had she felt so dreadfully afraid of him.

The colonel finished his speech by saying: "My friend, I will obtain for you a leave of absence and a pass for Morans. As it would not be befitting that you should leave any debts behind you at Nancy, I beg you to do me the honor of using my purse. This letter of your future wife (take it, take it!) will show you that, though not expected nor hoped for at Morans, you will be most welcome there. I shall myself come to your wedding. Meantime, I shall bring about your reconciliation with the War Department, and shall obtain for you a triumphal readmission to the regiment. The honorable distinction which was your due, and which my daughter has so diabolically prevented you from obtaining, shall not long be wanting, I promise you. I cannot engage to bring it to you as a wedding present, but I will tell Madame Humblot what manner of man you are, with what gallantry you have borne yourself before my eyes under the fire of the enemy, and what is still more rare and more noble, with what magnanimity you have supported your distresses. And I will say to her that any father of a family, no matter how high his rank or position, might well be proud to call you his son-in-law."

This eloquence would probably have transported any other man than Paul. Him it seemed hardly to touch, and he negligently to let fall the precious letter. His attention was directed to the three countenances of the Vautrin family; he seemed to be seeking some hidden meaning in the words of the colonel, and interrogated with pensive and troubled eye the physiognomy of the two ladies.

At last he seemed decided.

"Monsieur Vautrin," said he, "may I see you a moment in private? I have a few words to say to you."

When they were in the ante-chamber he continued:

"Colonel, in the whole world there is no better man than you. You have never harmed any one but your country's enemies, and even them you would have spared if the affair could have been arranged in any other way. Madame Vautrin is a wife worthy of you. The lining is of the same quality as the stuff. Now, I believe it a moral impossibility that the association of two rights should produce a wrong, and I refuse utterly to believe that Mademoiselle Vautrin has done wrong for the mere pleasure of wrong-doing."

"But what possible motive?"

"Bless me! I did not foresee that it would be so difficult to explain myself. But I must go on now I have begun. You have had time to know me thoroughly, and you know I am not a conceited puppy nor a fortune-hunter. You will understand that I am not a man to bring sorrow upon my friends for the sake of throwing myself at the head of people I never saw. What I have now to say will seem to you mad enough, but you must think what you will. Colonel, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Vautrin, your daughter, and I make my retreat lest you drive me from your house as you did before from your regiment."

As he finished he opened the door and slipped out quietly, leaving the colonel utterly dumbfounded.

"Blanche! Augustine!" cried he; "my daughter! my wife! we have done a mischief, my dear children! The poor devil's wits are surely crazed! Will you believe that in answer to all I have said to him he has asked my permission to marry Blanchette?"

The young girl in her turn uttered a loud cry—but it was a cry of joy.

"I—I, who have so much deserved punishment! Oh! mother, mother, the thousandth part of God's goodness has not been told!"—*The Galaxy.*

☞ The Petersburg Index has an article on the decline of duelling in Virginia, which concludes sensibly as follows:—"Upon the whole, in its old age it had become a nuisance and a bore. Let us take off our hats to the old thing for the last time, and bury him decently out of our sight."

☞ Richter said, "I believe the faults of many lively men have more merit than the virtues of the cold and unexcitable, that cost them no trouble."

☞ George Augustus Sala has been studying the philosophy of drunkenness, and argues in a late magazine article that the spread of cigar-smoking is one of the chief causes of the decline of intemperance in respectable and refined society. He admits that this looks like a paradox, but asserts that it is not, and supports his assertion by saying: "A drunken man cannot enjoy a cigar at all; and a sober one cannot appreciate any wine save thin claret while he is smoking."

☞ It is estimated that the European war will cost each nation engaged in it from thirty to fifty million dollars a month; and the people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow will have to pay for it.

☞ The heat in New England this summer has been three degrees above the average of the last fifty years.

☞ The American workman can equal or excel the best foreign work. Doubtful.

☞ It is reported that the New York Tribune is having Greeley's old editorial manuscripts engraved as maps of the seat of war.

☞ "Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for? You look as though you had lost all your friends." "The fact is, Tom, I am mourning over *departed spirits.*"

☞ "I have a conundrum for you." "Well?" "Would you rather be a bigger fool than you look, or a bigger fool than you are?" The person addressed thought he would rather be a bigger fool than he looked. "You can't!"

☞ The statement that Jennie June has eight children, which has been going the rounds of the papers, is contradicted by the lady herself. She writes: "Now, I have no objection to eight, or even sixteen children, if I could support them, and society sanctioned so large a family, but New York objects to children as strongly as Boston, and the reputation of having eight would destroy my character with the landlords of the quiet houses and all respectable servant girls, if it should happen to get in a New York paper." She begs, therefore, that the statement may be corrected by substituting three instead of eight.

☞ A current of wind or heated air passed over a South Carolina cotton field the other day, and, within a few hours, the whole crop had withered and died.

☞ No Place Like It.—We have been told of a boy who accompanied his father as a summer tourist. After going about from resort to resort, trying the hot cars, crowded hotels and other delights of travelling in dog days, the weary lad said one morning:—"Father, why don't you go home? We have got a good home, haven't we?" For a youngster his question showed sense.

☞ The London Saturday Review is willing to admit "that when Washington Irving went to sleep at an English dinner party, the cause may have been the stupidity of the party and not the rudeness of Irving."

☞ The American Peace Society met at Boston last week, and adopted resolutions advising neutral nations to exert themselves in favor of peace in Europe, and denouncing the war there as causeless and inhuman.

☞ "I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir!" "What makes him stop then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa, and he shan't hear it."

☞ A rich heiress of France was betrothed to an aristocratic young officer of high rank in the French army. At the first indication of war the young officer, whose nuptials were to be celebrated at an early day, resigned his commission. On hearing this his betrothed sent him the following laconic letter:—"I had intended to marry a man. You are not even a woman. Count no longer on me."

☞ In Oregon, Illinois, the Roman Catholics have a church, but no resident priest. The child of a Catholic died there the other day, and in the absence of the priest, the Rev. George W. Crofts, a Protestant minister, officiated by request, in the Catholic church, and pronounced a benediction at the grave. His service and remarks were very acceptable to the Catholic people.

☞ Celery and Onions.—Many persons become so much affected with nervousness, that the least annoyance greatly agitates them, and when they stretch out their hands they shake like aspen leaves on windy days. By a daily, moderate use of the blanched stalks of celery as a salad, they may become as strong and steady in limbs as other persons. Every one engaged in labor weakening to the nerves, or afflicted with palpitation of the heart, should use celery daily in season, and onions in its stead, when not in season.—*Educational Gazette.*

☞ Marion county, Alabama, has a surplus of eight hundred spinsters, who have no chance of marrying there.

☞ A new style of hair pin has been devised, which screws into the head so as to fix the chignon immovably.

☞ A Lancaster (Pa.) official has sued another for charging him with wearing a "woman-killing moustache."

☞ The French army, it is computed, amounts to 1,350,000 men, or 800,000 men in the regular army on a war footing, and 550,000 men in the Garde Mobile. In addition, the law of August 15th, 1870, incorporated all Frenchmen, between the ages of 20 and 30, in the Garde Mobile, and all from 30 to 40 in the National Home Guard. At the last census France was credited with 3,760,000 men, between 20 and 30, and 3,128,000 between 30 and 40.

☞ The word Tremont is pronounced as many different ways in Boston as there are buildings, streets and institutions with the local name, which is itself a modernized word for Tri-mountain.

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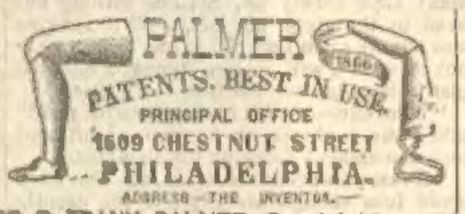

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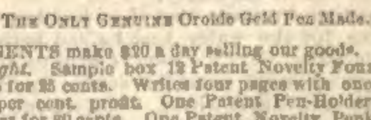

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Speech of Zechariah Spicer.

Mr. Spicer was called upon to speak to the question, "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?" He responded as follows:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about that institution—I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children, and then decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley does the married man tower above the bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he became acquainted with Eve. What but a poor, shiftless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared to his afterself, than a milldam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, there was a time, (I blush to say it,) when I, too, was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard—and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Every thing was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet—

"Confusion was monarch of all he surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins, after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," said she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't received the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

I felt in my pocket-book; there was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it, I haven't got the pewter. I wish, for your sake, I had."

"Then," she said, promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I. "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold have I none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" said she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now, I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot, if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable generally as a "hedgehog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (overpowering applause,) and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down, amid long-continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five sons-in-law.

Punchinello at the White Sulphur Springs.

From experience in the matter, Mr. P. is prepared to say, that not only as an exponent of the beauties of nature, but as a drink, a mint-julep is far superior to the water which gives this resort its celebrity. Why people persist in drinking that vilest of all water which is found at the fashionable springs, Mr. P. cannot divine. If it is medicine you want, you can get your drugs at any apothecary's, and he will mix them in water for you for a very small sum extra. And the saving in expense of travel, board and extras, will be enormous.

That evening at supper Mr. P. remarked that his biscuits were rather hard, and he blandly requested a waiter to take one of them outside and crack it. The older Peyton, who runs the hotel, overheard Mr. P.'s remark, and stepping up to him, said:

"Sir, you should not be so particular about your food. What you pay me, while you stay at my place, is my charge for the water you drink. The food and lodging I throw in, gratis."

Mr. P. arose.

"Mr. Peyton," said he, "when I was quite a little boy, my father, making the tour of America, brought me here, and I distinctly remember your making that remark to him. Since then many of my friends have visited the White Sulphur, and you invariably made the same remark to them. Is there no way to escape the venerable joke?"

The gentle Peyton made no answer, but walked away, and after supper, one of the boarders took Mr. P. aside and urged him to excuse their host, as he was obliged to make the joke in question to every guest. The obligation was in his lease.

So the matter blew over.

Reflecting, however, that if he had to pay so much for the water, that he had better drink a little, Mr. P. went down to the spring to see what could be done. On the way, he met Uncle Aaron, formerly one of Washington's body-servants. The venerable patriarch touched his hat, and Mr. P., hoping from such great age to gain a little wisdom, propounded the following questions:

"Uncle, is this water good for the bile?"

"Oh, lor! no, mah'sr! Dat dar water 'ud jis spile anything you biled in it. Make it taste of rotten eggs, for all the world, sir! 'Deed it would."

"But what I want to know," said Mr. P., "is why the people drink it."

"Lor' bless you, mah'sr! Dis here chile kin tell you dat. You see de gem'men from de Nort' dey drinks it bekase they eat so much cold wheat bread. Allers makes 'em sick, sir."

"And why do the Southerners drink it?"

"Wal, mah'sr, you see dey eats so much hot wheat bread, and it don't agree wid 'em, no how."

"But how about the colored people? I have seen them drinking it, frequently," said Mr. P.

"Oh lor, mah'sr, how you is a askin' questions! Don't you know dat de colored folks hab to drink it bekase dey don't get no wheat bread at all?"

Mr. P. heard no better philosophy than this on the subject while he remained at the White Sulphur. When he left, he brought a couple of gallons of the water with him, and intends keeping it in the water-cooler in his office, for loungers.—*Punchinello.*

Stopping the Train.

The express train was whirling along over the Lehigh Valley Railroad the other day—behind time and running at furious speed—when the engineer caught sight of an old lady slowly pottering ahead upon the track. Instantly the whistle was blown. No heed, however, was taken of it. But thinking the venerable dame would get out of danger in due time, the speed was not slackened, though the screaming of the whistle made the mountains ring. Yet still she (the woman) kept slowly on, neither turning her head to the right nor left, until the engine was almost upon her. Then the brakes were put on with a will, and a stoppage effected just in time to save her life.

"What the—devil is the matter with you?" asked the engineer, as he jumped off and took the ancient dame by the shoulder.

"Guess you needn't scream so. You have made fuss enough already was the caustic reply.

"You heard the whistle, then?"

"Sartainly. I hain't deaf."

"Then why in the name of thunder didn't you get off the track?"

"You hain't got no right to run over folks, as I know on, and it's your business to stop when you see them walking on the track!"

The swearing of "our army in Flanders" was nothing compared to that of the engineer, as he pushed her aside, sprang upon the machine, and set it whizzing again to the tune of forty miles an hour.

A Long Race.

A gentleman in Worcester, Ohio, relates the following amusing instance of the simplicity of the African lad, as evincing his first efforts to attain a knowledge of the English vocabulary. The boy, some eight or ten years old, Dan by name, was set to learn words in an old spelling-book that had been tossed about the house. He soon became interested in watching a race between a small boy and Time, as represented by an engraving in the book, and every spare moment of the day that he could find was devoted to the contemplation of the (to him) exciting chase. Night finally compelled the young African to lay aside the book which his race at the present day manifest so much pleasure in studying, and to retreat to his pallet, where no doubt he dreamed, "dat big fellow wid de mowin' scyve," as he called him, in pursuit of the poor frightened boy. Dan was up with the lark next morning, and the first thing he did was to get the speller and look for his heroes of the race. He gazed intently for an instant at the picture, and then, with a wild scream of delight, exclaimed all about the old kitchen, "He ain't cotched 'im yit! he ain't cotched 'im yit—*Golly!* he ain't cotched 'im yit!"

A New Remedy.

From Surprise Valley comes the following story of an old fellow who got very jealous because his young wife went to a ball with a good-looking fellow, and stayed out until broad daylight. The old chap went to a Justice of the Peace and told his story, winding it up with "I want yer to help me—for that ar thing has been going on about long enuf."

"Well," says the Justice, "you can write down to Yreka, and see if some of the lawyers can't get you a divorce."

"Divorce!" roared the angry man, "who the deuse wants a divorce?"

The justice began to get wrathy.

"If you don't want a divorce, what the deuse brought you here?"

"Why, I want an injunction to stop further proceedings."

HARD UP.—At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of provisions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses, the passengers seated themselves at the table, and the host said—

"Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?"

"No, thank you; I never eat bacon," said one traveller.

"Well, then," said the station-keeper, "help yourself to the mustard!"

☞ One of the Russian singers at Pittsburg, the other day, thought he had got far enough along in English to call for food at the table, and accordingly asked the lady at his side to give him "Some kiss." She blushed, and he repeated it with the unfortunate appendix, "The same as you game me this morning." She arose from her seat with indignation, the boarders glared on the wretch who would thus flaunt his crimes, while he barely retained strength enough to get up and reach the desired viand. It was cheese.

A MIS-UNDERSTANDING.

TOLL-KEEPER—"Hi! You ain't paid toll!"
TAR—"'Course not! I ain't a we'icle, and yer can't call me a *foot*-passenger, sure-*ly!*"

AT LAST.

Oh, the years I lost before I knew you, love!
Oh, the hills I climbed and came not to you, love!
Ah! who shall render unto us to make us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
We might have had?

If you and I had sat and played together, love—
Two speechless babies—in the summer weather, love;
By one sweet brook, which though it dried up long ago,
Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
Than all I know—

If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway, love,
Of womanhood, we had first looked, and straightway, love,
Had whispered to each other, softly, ere it yet
Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
We both forget—

If all of this had added its completeness love,
To every hour, would it be added sweetness, love?
Could I know sooner whether it were well or ill
With thee? one wish could I more surely tell?
More swift fulfil?

Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder, love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder, love,
About the days in which you grew and came to be,
So beautiful, and did not know the name
Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping, love,
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping love,
The years of heaven will all earth's little pain make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.

☞ From Paris we hear of an entirely new stage effect. In one of the scenes of Sardou's new fairy extravaganza, "Le Roi Carvete," the stage is to be filled with a crowd of girls and youths who are, in the presence of the audience, to seemingly grow older and pass through the various changes produced by increasing years, until at last all grow gray or bald, and crooked and bent with age.

AGRICULTURAL.

Light in Stables.

As this is the season when farmers usually erect new barns and stables and repair old ones, a few words in regard to the admission of light into them will not be deemed out of place.

Light in day-time is essential to the comfort and health of domestic animals, and to none more so than to horses and cattle. A horse, especially, loses spirit when confined in a dark stable day after day, being brought out only perhaps daily to water at a trough in the yard or at a neighboring brook, or to do a half-hour's work occasionally, to say nothing of the danger of his incurring blindness by the exposure of his unprotected eyes to the glare of the sun's rays; and if the ground should be covered with snow, the tendency of the sunlight to produce blindness would be considerably increased.

A case in point occurred last spring in the town of Fishkill, Dutchess county, N. Y. A horse, valued at two thousand dollars, had been kept in a dark stable some nine or ten days, and fed luxuriously. When brought out, and his eyes exposed to the full blaze of the vernal sun, it was soon found that he was blind. The owner, who had previously been offered nearly two thousand dollars for him, was then glad of an opportunity to sell him for less than one twentieth part of that sum.

It seems to us that farmers do not fully appreciate the importance of light in their horse and cow stables. Very few farmers' barns built forty years ago have even a single window. Some of those recently erected have a few, but in a majority of cases they are too small, and not inserted where they should be. There should be at least one large window for every two stalls, placed opposite each partition, and the bottom of the sashes should not be lower than six feet from the stable floor, so that when open or raised in mild weather the air may not blow upon the animals.

Fall, winter, and spring storms of rain, snow, and sleet not unfrequently last two days and sometimes three. No humane, prudent farmer would leave so important and valuable domestic stock as horses and cattle exposed to such storms during the day or night, and if his stables are well lighted, dry, comfortable, and sufficiently ventilated, his stock will endure the confinement cheerfully, and with no desire to be out-doors.

In a climate so changeable as ours, the proper care and stabling of domestic animals are of more importance to their health and thrift than a large number of farmers seem practically to admit.—*Hearth and Home.*

Judge French on Green Corn Fodder.

Occasionally the farming comunity is astonished with a statement upon high authority, which seems to contravene all the experience of the community. Of this kind is the opinion persistently repeated in public addresses, that corn fodder is the meanest thing that can be offered to milch cows, uttered by a gentleman holding a high position in the agricultural world. Now if this gentleman should live one hundred years, and make two speeches every day, as he probably might, he would not do good enough to counterbalance the evil which his opinion about corn fodder would do if it was generally accepted as correct. Fortunately, however, only about one person in a thousand agrees with it—not so large proportion as we have in the community, of insane or idiots. In Concord we furnish about 2 000 gallons of milk a day for Boston, of quality equal to the best; and our farmers, almost without exception, rely upon green corn for their cows in August and September. My next neighbor says he could not keep half his number without it. I kept eight cows in the yard nearly a month last year, in August and September, and fed them almost wholly on green corn fodder, giving them a little dry hay and no grain, and they gave more milk than when at pasture, and made excellent butter. We reckon sweet corn best, but usually sow the Southern corn, because the seed of the sweet corn is too expensive. I have nearly two acres sown this year—part of which I hope to dry and save for winter use. If there is anything settled in my neighborhood, it is that corn fodder is valuable for milch cows. My own experience of twenty years, corresponds with the general opinion. "Error of opinion," says Jefferson, "may safely be tolerated while reason is left free to combat it;" and the wise men of the East, who denounce corn fodder and swamp mud as useless, create but a small ripple on the great ocean of public opinion.—*Country Gentleman.*

Trimming Hedges.

A handsome, carefully trimmed arborvitæ hedge is, in our opinion, the best and most ornamental of any that we in the North can grow. The shrub is hardy, and the foliage close set; the objections urged against buckthorn, lilac, osage orange, and others, namely, a tendency to die out in patches, presenting a ragged, unattractive appearance, cannot be advanced against the arborvitæ if it is cared for. We know of hedges set over twenty years ago, which are now perfect in every square foot of their extent, and their foliage is most attractive. In trimming the arborvitæ, we adopt a height of six feet, and, stretching lines at this height, cut the hedge down to the lines. Instead of shears, we use a very sharp grass hook, and the work performed is most satisfactory. The top of the hedge trimmed, we stretch the lines along the side of the hedge a foot lower than the crown, and trim to these, the top sloping from the outside to the middle; we then trim the rest of the hedge nearly or quite to perpendicular lines. The arborvitæ needs a full exposure to the sunlight, and the practice common in many localities of trimming it with a projecting edge and receding or sloping inward as it approaches the ground, we believe to be a bad one.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Killing Weeds.

Many farmers have an erroneous notion in regard to the destruction of weeds on grass lands. The impression prevails that the only way to get rid of weeds is to break up and thoroughly cultivate the ground in hoed crops. This is not always convenient, or even desirable, for in many cases it cannot be done without breaking up the herd or dairy, while some uneven surfaces cannot be ploughed. There is another way of killing weeds, such as the daisy and that class of plants, by the liberal use of manure and grass seed. We have eradicated white daisy in several instances by simply applying farm-yard dung and plaster, and strewing the ground with clover. Establish your clover upon the soil and feed it until it is luxuriant, and it just lays hold of the daisy and other weeds and chokes the life out of them.

The Curculio.

A writer in the Tribune says:—"On strong, vigorous-growing trees the fruit soon outgrew the crescent-mark, while on trees that made only a feeble, weak growth, a great portion of the fruit was injured for sale. I am thoroughly satisfied in my own case that it would not pay me to follow the 'jarring process,' and my safeguard is to keep the ground in the orchard in good heart so that the fruit will have plenty of nourishment. This, with a thorough system of thinning the fruit, are the only practical methods that I know of that can be carried out in fruit-growing for profit. The jarring process is, like many other remedies, splendid to talk and lecturer about, but one of those that is very seldom carried out in the orchard, and I doubt if it ever will be by the fruit-growers of this country."

DISINFECTANTS.—The best and most simple disinfecting agent known is chloride of zinc. It is easily made by dissolving zinc in muriatic acid, and can be applied in a diluted state to cesspools, foul and offensive drains, &c.

Sulphate of zinc is also an excellent disinfectant, and can be purchased at almost any drug store in the form of a salt. A half pound dissolved in a pail of warm water and thrown into a cesspool not remarkably offensive will deodorize it at once.

Copperas is another agent that may be applied in the same manner and for the same purpose, and either of these will accomplish, if freely used, all that is needed.

Carbolic acid in its varied shapes is also excellent. Nothing better.

PROFITS OF BEE KEEPING.—Mr. Quinby says on the subject—"I do not hesitate to state my firm conviction that bee keeping, in the present advanced condition, taken up by intelligent, enterprising young men, will compare very favorably with most other pursuits. The great danger of failure I have found in the mistaken impression that seems to prevail, that this is a business that will take care of itself, that active, careful supervision, so necessary in other pursuits, may be remitted in this. I know of few occupations that make greater demands on one's attention and watchfulness."

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 1, 26, 10, 33, 52, 40, 57, was an ancient tree.
My 4, 37, 49, 30, 25, 55, 8, was a musical instrument.
My 8, 2, 56, 34, 58, 20, 13, was an ancient city.
My 14, 49, 27, 10, 44, 62, 29, was a Bible gem.
My 19, 11, 30, 42, 23, 9, 6, was a celebrated woman.
My 24, 3, 12, 56, 5, 35, 38, was an ancient vegetable.
My 30, 7, 62, 52, 17, 20, 13, was an ancient plant.
My 36, 46, 18, 3, 59, 53, 38, was an ancient tribe.
My 39, 32, 48, 15, 23, 10, 19, was an ancient officer.
My 41, 51, 6, 22, 25, 16, 47, was a Bible flower.
My 40, 31, 43, 60, 6, 11, 53, was an article of clothing.
My 54, 26, 29, 50, 49, 7, 39, was a disciple.
My 61, 28, 37, 58, 21, 10, 45, was an ancient animal.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Enigma.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 9, 33, 45, 23, 10, 46, 55, 15, is a state.
My 6, 33, 44, 48, 38, 2, 4, 22, is a virtue.
My 21, 51, 18, was the residence of a noted philosopher.
My 1, 35, 10, 27, is a state.
My 24, 35, 3, 4, 43, 13, 42, 37, 56, 34, 14, 50, 16, 12, is a summer resort.
My 17, 40, 8, 49, 28, are alike, and are the initials of a state in the Union, four counties, and one county seat in Ohio.
My 54, 36, 7, 30, 47, 48, 35, 39, 31, is an animal.
My 11, 5, 42, 19, is a girl's name.
My 25, 53, 29, 20, is a point of the compass.
My whole is a popular recipe.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Charade.

From any toe you please cut off the end,
My *first* you'll then discover;
My *second* when with jovial friend
You'll find when night is over;
If wise you'll seek escape from sorrow,
And use my *whole* before to-morrow.

Conundrums.

☞ What sort of fruit is most sought after by editors? Ans.—The latest dates.

☞ Why are ladies' dresses around the waist like a general meeting. Ans.—Because there is a *gathering there.*

☞ Why is it dangerous always to keep to the right? Ans.—Because there would be nothing left of you.

☞ Why is a worn-out shoe like ancient Greece? Ans.—Because it once had a Solon (sole on.)

☞ Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Ans.—Because she is a cutlass.

☞ Why are ducks lodged like princes? Ans.—They sleep in down. What seems to contradict this? Ans.—They are often seen in flocks.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." ENIGMA—Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott. METAGRAM—Dun—(fun, gun, hun, nun, pun, run, sun, tun.)

RECEIPTS.

NEW FRUIT PRESERVER.—Sulphite of lime may be used for preserving fruit, and it is said with as good success as the preserving powders, and at less cost, as it can be had in twenty-five cent packages, enough to preserve from twenty to forty pounds of fruit.

The antiseptic qualities of sulphite of lime are very well known. It has been extensively used to prevent the fermentation of cider, which will remain in an unfermented state months after having been treated with it. We see no reason why it may not be extensively used to arrest fermentation and putrefaction in fruits, preserves, &c., and thus become at a very moderate cost one of our household luxuries.—*Rural New Yorker.*

BREAD.—It is said that a great economy in the manufacture of bread is secured by the following process: Gluten to the amount of ten or twelve per cent. is extracted by boiling water from bran, and the flour is kneaded with this infusion, whereby from twenty to thirty per cent. more bread is obtained. The bread, of course, is not so white as that of first quality, but is much more nutricious.

FRUIT JUICES.—The juices of raspberries, pineapples and other fruits, are useful for flavoring ice-cream and similar purposes. The juice can be readily preserved by bottling. Express the juice and put it in bottles; set the bottles in a cold boiler with a board or grating under them to prevent contact with the bottom of the boiler. Heat up the water and continue at the boiling point until the contents of the bottles are heated through. Cork the bottles while hot, seal and keep in a cool place. The bottles should not be so large as to contain more juice than enough to use at once, as it will not keep long after being opened.

JELLY.—Take one and a half tablespoonfuls of tapico, soak half an hour in cold water, put it over the fire in the same water, and cook until clear; add two-thirds of a cup of white sugar and enough red sugar sand to make it a bright rose color. Pile up the cakes with this between.

TO THE BOYS.—A certain man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

☞ A base ball club called the Red Foxes are said to be awful on "fouls."